CC0 In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

5098 14.2

SELECT ENGLISH PROSE

U. C. Nag
AND
J. S. Yajnik

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

21
11/1/02

5098

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

SELECT ENGLISH PROSE

UPENDRA CHANDRA NAG, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond.),
Professor of English
AND
JIVAN SHANKER YAJNIK, M.A., LL.B.,
Assistant Professor of English
BENARES HINDU UNIVERSITY.

NAND KISHORE & BROS.
PUBLISHERS, BENARES.
1933.

Price Rs. 2/4

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Published by
Nand Kishore Bhargava of Nand Kishore & Bros.,
Benares.

Printer : P. C. RAY,
SRI GOURANGA PRESS,
71/1, Mirzapur Street, Calcutta.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

PREFACE

In compiling this book of Select English Prose an attempt has been made to meet the requirements of the Intermediate student who is expected to acquire a grasp of the language as a working medium of expression and at the same time, learn to appreciate the literary value of good prose. The Essay provides the best material for this double purpose and, at this stage, it may be presumed that its power to charm will not be entirely lost upon the student. Along with some of the great classical writers of English prose will be found included modern writers of distinction, so that the student may familiarise himself with the language as it is used to-day.

In our choice we have deliberately limited ourselves to a much fewer authors than we might have done, with the view of helping our boys to form their taste for and model their style on what we have considered to be the most enduring specimens of English prose style, and hence most suitable for those whose mother tongue is not English but who are yet required to possess a sound workmanlike knowledge of that language, both spoken and written. We have, therefore, taken largely from authors who write a simple, straightforward, idiomatic and animated

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

style avoiding, as far as possible, those whose styles are 'mannered' or otherwise less susceptible of imitation.

The authors have been arranged in the chronological order with the exception of the first for obvious reasons. No less than seven copyright lessons have been included, and it is hoped that the choice and variety of subjects will make the reading profitable as well as a pleasure. To create interest in the authors short biographical and critical notes have been added; and the notes at the end of the book have been designed as an aid, and not meant to save the student from the task which he should do by himself.

Acknowledgments for the use of copyright material are due and are hereby tendered :

To Mesrs Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. for 'A Study of Benares' by Sister Nivedita from *The Footfalls of Indian History*; to Messrs Chatto & Windus for 'A Plea for Gas Lamps' and 'El Dorado' by R. L. Stevenson from *Virginibus Puersique*; to Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd. for 'Tight Corners' from *Giving and Receiving*, and 'The Dealer' from *Our Day and Another* by Mr. E. V. Lucas; and to the same publishers for 'The Watchers' from *Blue Lion*, and 'The Pleasures of Ignorance' by Mr. Robert Lynd.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

CONTENTS

		Page
SISTER NIVEDITA—		
1.	A Study of Benares	3
JONATHAN SWIFT—		
2.	A Meditation Upon a Broomstick ...	26
3.	The Art of Political Lying ...	28
4.	The Vindication of Issac Bickerstaff ...	35
5.	Hints towards an Essay on Conversation	44
SIR RICHARD STEELE—		
6.	The Club	60
7.	A Stage-Coach Journey	68
8.	On the Death of Friends	73
9.	Good Temper	78
10.	Of Flattery	84
JOSEPH ADDISON—		
11.	Mr. Spectator	93
12.	Witches	99
13.	Gipsies	104
14.	Sir Roger at Church	109
15.	A Beau's Head	113
16.	Fans	118
17.	On Cheerfulness	122
18.	The Vision of Mirzah	128
OLIVER GOLDSMITH—		
19.	A City Night-Piece	138
20.	National Prejudice	141

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

PAGE

21. Beau Tibbs 146
22. The Man in Black 152

CHARLES LAMB—

23. The Convalescent 160
24. All Fools Day 167
25. Dream Children: A Reverie ... 173

LEIGH HUNT—

26. Getting up on Cold Mornings ... 181
27. Walks Home by Night 187
28. A Few Thoughts on Sleep ... 196

SIR ARTHUR HELPS—

29. On our Judgments of other men ... 206
30. Domestic Rule ... 214

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—

31. A Plea for Gas Lamps 224
32. El Dorado 229

EDWARD VERRELL LUCAS—

33. Tight Corners 236
34. The Dealer 241

ROBERT LYND—

35. The Pleasures of Ignorance ... 253
36. The Watchers 259

NOTES—

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

SELECT ENGLISH PROSE

SISTER NIVEDITA

[1867—1911]

Sister Nivedita's original name was Miss Margaret E. Noble. She was an American lady, born in 1867. She was trained as a teacher, and she

made a special study of the problems relating to female education. When Swami Vivekanand went out to America and Europe as a Hindu missionary to

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

preach Vedanta to the Western people, Miss Noble met him in 1895 at a party in London. She was deeply impressed by the inspiring personality of the Swami and to her yearning soul his message came as a revelation. She immediately accepted the Swami as her teacher and, becoming one of his most ardent disciples, accompanied him to India. Here she travelled all over the country and visited almost all the holy places like a devout pilgrim, and at the same time took to the study of Hindu philosophy, mythology and art. With a rare insight she comprehended the elusive quality of Hindu culture which is so baffling to the foreigner who judges Hindu ideals by Western standards. Perhaps no alien in recent times has been a greater admirer of Hindu culture than this American lady. She made India her home, adopted Indian mode of life and lived with Indians as their kith and kin, and served them with patriotic devotion. She gathered round her a band of devoted workers and established an institution for educating girls and women on national lines. Her services were ungrudgingly given to the poor and suffering Indians for whose uplift and national awakening she toiled ceaselessly under most discouraging circumstances.

Sister Nivedita contributed articles to journals and found time to write books. Her *Cradle Tales of Hinduism* is deservedly popular among boys and girls, while *The Web of Indian Life* shows her rare insight into and sympathetic understanding of Indian ideals. *The Footfalls of Indian History* and *Studies from an Eastern Home* are her popular and highly appreciated books. It is from the former that the chapter on Benares is taken. Highly cultured and well-informed, she writes with a grace and distinction marked by a certain emotional quality of style. If India gave her spiritual enlightenment and her 'Master', she gave India in return her all and lived a truly dedicated life and fully justified

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

her adopted name 'Nivedita'. She died at Darjeeling on October 13, in 1911.

A STUDY OF BENARES

EVEN in great places we cannot always command the passive moments of rare insight. It was already my third visit to Benares when I sat one day, at an hour after noon, in the Vishwanath Bazar. Everything about me was hushed and drowsy. The *sadhu*-like shopkeepers nodded and dozed over their small wares; here the weaving of girdle or scapulary with a *mantram*, there a collection of small stone Shivas. There was little enough of traffic along the narrow footway, but overhead went the swallows by the invisible roadways of the blue, flying in and out among their nests in the eaves. And the air was filled with their twittering, and with the sighing resonance of the great bell in the Temple of Vishweswar, as the constant stream of barefooted worshippers entered, and prayed, and before departing touched it. Swaying, sobbing, there it hung, seeming as if in that hour of peace it were some mystic dome, thrilled and responsive to every throb of the city's life. One could believe that these ripples of sound that ran across it were born of no mechanical vibration, but echoed, here a moan, there a prayer, and yet again a cry of gladness, in all the distant quarters of Benares: that the bell was even as a great

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

weaver, weaving into unity of music, and throwing back on earth, those broken and tangled threads of joy and pain that without it would have seemed so meaningless and so confused.

A step beyond were the shops of the flower-sellers, who sell white flowers for the worship of Shiva across the threshold. Oh what a task, to spend the whole of life, day after day, in this service only, the giving of the flowers for the image of the Lord! Has there been no soul that, occupied thus, has dreamed and dreamed itself into *Mukti*, through the daily offering?

And so came to me the thought of the old minsters of Europe, and of what it meant to live thus, like the swallows and the townsfolk and the flowers, ever in the shadow of a great cathedral. For that is what Benares is —a city built about the walls of a cathedral.

It is common to say of Benares that it is curiously modern, and there is on the face of it a certain truth in the statement. For the palaces and monasteries and temples that line the banks of the Ganges between the mouths of Barna and Asi have been built for the most part within the last three hundred years. There is skill and taste enough in India yet to rebuild them all again, if they fell to-morrow. Benares as she stands is in this sense the work of the Indian people as they are to-day.

But never did any city so sing the song

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

of the past. One is always catching a hint of reminiscence in the bazars, in the interior, and in the domestic architecture. Here is the Jammu *Chhattra* for instance, built in the Jaunpur Pathan style, common in Northern India from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. Not far off again, we have a glimpse of a roof-balustrade that retains many of the characteristics of an Asokan rail, so clearly is it a wooden fence rendered in stone. I have seen a pillared hall too, in a house looking out upon the Ganges, that might almost have known the two thousand years that its owners claimed for it. And here in the bazar of Vishwanath we are treading still, it may be, that very pathway through the forest that was followed by the Vedic forefathers, when first they saw the sun rise on the East of the great river, and offered the *Hom* where the golden grate of Vishweswar stands to-day, chanting their *rijks* in celebration of worship.[1]

Nothing holds its place longer than a road. The winding alleys between the backs of houses and gardens in European cities may, at no distant date, have been paths through meadows and cornfields. And similarly, in all countries, a footway is apt to be a silent record of unwritten history. But who shall recover the story of this little street, or write

---

1 The allusion here is not only to the Sanskrit *rijk*, but also to the early Norse *rijks* and *runes*.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

the long long poem of the lives and deaths of those whose feet have passed to and forth along its flagstones in four thousand years?

Truly the city, even as she stands, is more ancient than any superficial critic would suppose. It was here at Sarnath, in the year 583 B.C. or thereabouts, that the great message pealed out whose echoes have never died away in history, "Open ye your ears, O Monks, the deliverance from death is found!" And the importance which the Deer-Park thus assumes in the life of Buddha, both before and after the attainment of Nirvana, sufficiently proves its importance as the university of philosophy of its own age. Three hundred years later Asoka, seeking to build memorials of all the most sacred events in the history of his great Master, was able, as the recent excavations show us, to make a tiny stupa with its rail in some cell, by that time already underground, whose site had been especially sanctified by the touch of Buddha's feet. We thus learn, not only that the Deer-Park of Benares (so called, probably, because pains were taken to keep it cleared of larger game) was important in the year 583 B.C. and again in 250 B.C., but also that it was sufficiently a centre of resort throughout the intervening period to guarantee its maintenance of an unbroken tradition with regard to points of extremely minute detail. But it was not Sarnath alone that saw the coming and going of Buddha in the birth of the great

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

enlightenment. Nor was it the Abkariyeh Kand alone that had already formed an important religious centre for ages before the early Mohammedan period. The very name of the Dasasvamedh Ghat and Bazar commemorates a period long enough to have included ten imperial sacrifices, each one of which must have represented at least a reign. Probably throughout the Pataliputra age, that is to say from 350 B.C. to A.D. 528, Benares was the ecclesiastical and sacrificial seat of empire. It contains at least two Asokan pillars, one in the grounds of the Queen's College, and the other, as we now know, at the entrance to the old-time Monastery of Sarnath. And we know with certainty that in the youth of Buddha it was already a thriving industrial centre. For the robes that he threw aside, perhaps in the year 590 B.C., to adopt the *gerua* of the *sannyasin,* are said in many books to have been made of Benares silk.

But this is in truth only what we might have expected. For the water-way is always in early ages the chief geographical feature of a country, and the position of Benares at the northward bend of the river determines the point of convergence for all the foot-roads of the South and East, and makes her necessarily the greatest distributing centre in India. Thus she constitutes a palimpsest, not a simple manuscript, of cities. One has here been built upon another; period has accumulated upon period. There are houses

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

in the crowded quarters whose foundations are laid, as it were, in mines of bricks, and whose owners live upon the sale of these ancestral wares. And there is at least one temple that I know of whose floor is eight or ten feet below the level of the present street, and whose date is palpably of the second to the fourth century after Christ.

If then we may compare large things with small, Benares may be called the Canterbury of the Asokan and post-Asokan India. What Delhi became later to the militarised India of the Rajput and the Moslem, that Benares had already been to an earlier India, whose eastern provinces had seen Buddha. At Sarnath the memory of the great *Sannyasin* was preserved by the devoted members of a religious order, either Buddhist or Jain. At Benares the Brahmans laboured, as citizens and householders, to enforce the lesson that none of his greatness was lacking in the Great God. The Shiva, clad in the tigerskin and seated in meditation like a Buddha, who is carved in low relief at the entrance to Elephanta in the harbour of Bombay, was the Hindu ideal of the later Buddhist period. And so the Vedic city, through whose streets had passed the Blessed One, became the sacred city of Shiva; and to make and set up his emblem there—the form in stone of the formless God—was held for long ages after the same act of merit that the erecting of votive stupas had so long been in places of

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Buddhistic pilgrimage. Nay, even now old stupas remain of the early Puranic period, and early Shivas of a later phase of development, about the streets and *ghats* of Benares, to tell of the impress made by Buddha on an age that was then already passing away.

But Benares is not only an Indian Canterbury, it is also an Oxford. Under the shadow of temples and monasteries cluster the schools and dwellings of the pundits or learned Sanskritists, and from all parts of India the poor students flock there to study the classics and ancient rituals of Hinduism. The fame of Nuddea is in her Sanskrit logic, but that of Benares in her philosophy and Brahman lore. Thus she remains ever the central authority on questions of worship and of the faith, and her influence is carried to all ends of India by every wandering scholar returning to his own province. It is a mediæval type of culture, of course, carried out in the mediæval way. It takes a man twelve years here to exhaust a single book, while under the modern comparative method we are compelled to skim the surfaces of a score or more in a single year. It follows that we have here a study of the contents rather than the relations of a given work; significance rather than co-ordination. But for this very reason the Benares-trained scholar is of his own kind, secure in his type, as fearless in his utterance of that which he knows as those other mediævalists in a modern world, John Bunyan and William Blake.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

But in Benares as a culture-centre even in the present generation, though it is fast vanishing, we have another extraordinary advantage to note. Being as she is the authoritative seat of Hinduism and Sanskrit learning, the city stands nevertheless, side by side with Jaunpur, the equally authoritative centre of Mussulman learning in India. She represents in fact the dividing line between the Sanskritic civilisation of the Hindu provinces and the Persian and Arabic culture of the Mohammedan. And consequently she still has members of a class that once constituted one of the most perfect types of national education in the world, elderly Hindu gentlemen who were trained in their youth not only to read Sanskrit literature, but also to read and enjoy what was then the distinctive accomplishment of royal courts, namely Persian poetry. And the mind that is born of this particular synthesis—rendered possible in Benares by the presence on the one hand of the Hindu pundit and the neighbourhood on the other of the Jaunpur *maulvi*—is not that of a great scholar certainly, but it is that of a member of the wide world, polished, courtly, and urbane. One of the most charming forms of high breeding that humanity has known will be lost with the last well-born Hindu who has had the old time training in Persian. Nor indeed can anyone who has seen modern and mediæval culture side by side, as we may still sometimes see them in

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Asia, doubt that the true sense of literature is the prerogative of the mediævalist.

Benares, then, is an informal university. And like other universities of the Middle Ages, it has always supported its scholars and students by a vast network of institutions of mutual aid. It is no disgrace there for a boy to beg his bread, when love of learning has brought him a thousand miles on foot. Nor was it in mediæval Leipzig, or Heidelberg, or Oxford. These are the scholars for whom our schools and colleges were founded. The wives of the burghers expected to contribute to the maintenance of such. And it is in Benares only food that is wanted. In the dark hours of one winter morning, as I made my way through the Bengalitollah to the bathing-*ghâts,* I could hear in the distance the sound of Sanskrit chanting. And soon I came up to a student who had slept all night on the stone verandah of some well-to-do house, screened from the bitterest pinch of cold by carefully-drawn walls of common sacking, and now had risen before five to read by the light of a hurricane lamp and commit to memory his task for the day. Further on another studied, with no such luxuries as canvas walls and paraffin lamp. He had slept all night under his single blanket on the open stone, and the tiny Indian *batti* was the light by which he was reading now.

Here is love of learning with labour and poverty. It is obviously impossible for these

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

to earn their bread in addition to performing the tasks imposed by their schools. The spontaneous benefactions of rich nobles and merchants were doubtless enough in the Middle Ages—when religious enthusiasm was high, and the problem still limited—to maintain the pundits in whose houses the students lived. But in modern times the institution of the *chhattras* has grown up, and it is said that in the city there are three hundred and sixty-five of these. A *chhattra* is a house at which a given number of persons receive a meal daily. Some give double doles. Some give to others besides Brahmans. Many have been themselves the gifts of pious widows, and a few of kings. But that it is the duty of the city to provide food for her scholars all are agreed. Is not Benares to these children of Shiva Annapurna the Mother, She whose hand is ever "full of grain"?

But Benares is more than the precincts of a group of temples. She is more even than a university, and more than the historic and industrial centre of three thousand years. The solemn Manikarnika stands rightly in the centre of her river-front. For she is a great national *shmashan,* a vast burning-*ghât*. "He who dies in Benares attains Nirvana." The words may be nothing but an expression of intense affection. Who would not love to die on those beautiful *ghâts,* with the breath of the night or the morning on his brow, the sound of temple-bells and

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

chanting in his ears, and the promises of Shiva and memories of the past in his heart? Such a death, embraced in an ecstasy, would it not in itself be *Mukti*, the goal? "Oh Thou great *Jnanam*, that art God, dwell thou in me!" Such was the vision that broke upon one who bent from the flower-seller's balcony to see evensong chanted by the Brahmans round the blossom-crowned Vishweswar. And never again can that mind think of God as seated on a throne, with His children kneeling round Him, for to it the secret has been shown that Shiva is within the heart of man, and He is the Absolute Consciousness, the Infinite Knowledge, and the Unconditioned Bliss. Which of us would not die, if we could, in the place that was capable of flashing such a message across the soul?

All India feels this. All India hears the call. And one by one, step by step, with bent head and bare feet for the most part, come those, chiefly widows and *sadhus*, whose lives are turned away from all desire save that of a holy death. How many monuments of *sati* are to be seen in Benares, one on the Manikarnika Ghât, and many dotted about the fields and roads outside! These are the memorials of triumphant wifehood in the hour of its bereavement. But there are other triumphs. Clothed and veiled in purest white, bathing, fasting, and praying continually, here in the hidden streets of Benares

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

dwell thousands of those whose lives are one long effort to accumulate merit for the beloved second self. And if the scholar be indeed the servant of the nation, is the saint less? The lamp of ideal womanhood, burning in the sheltered spot at the feet of the image, and "not flickering," is this, or is it not, as a light given to the world?

Benares, again, is an epitome of the whole Indian synthesis of nationality. As the new-comer is rowed down the river past the long lines of temples and bathing-*ghâts*, while the history of each is told to him in turn, he feels, catching his breath at each fresh revelation of builded beauty, that all roads in India always must have led to Benares. Here is the monastery of Kedarnath, the headquarters of the southern monks, which represents to the province of Madras all the merits of Himalayan pilgrimage. Here again is the *ghât* of Ahalya Bai Rani, the wonderful widowed Mahratta Queen, whose temples and roads and tanks remain all over India to witness to the greatness of the mother heart in rulers. Or behind this we may see the *Math* of Sankaracharya's order, the high caste *Dandis*, whose line is unbroken and orthodoxy unimpeached from the days of their founder, early in the ninth century, till the present hour. Again, we see the palace of the Nagpore Bhonslas (now in the hands of the Maharaja of Darbhanga), connecting Benares with the memory of the Mahratta power, and

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

further on the royal buildings of Gwalior and even of Nepal. Nor is everything here dedicated to Shiva, Shiva's city though it be. For here again we come on the temple of *Beni Madhab,* one of the favourite names of Vishnu. Even Mohammedan sovereigns could not submit to be left out. Secular science is embodied in the beautiful old Mân Mandir of Akbar's time, with its instruments and lecture-hall, and the Mussulmân faith in the towering minarets of Aurungzeb's mosque.

But what is true of the Ganges front becomes still more clear when we pass behind and consider the city as a whole. Ranjit Singh made no separate building, but he linked Vishweswar irrevocably with Amritsar, when he covered its roof with gold. Zemindars of Bengal, Sirdars of the Punjab, and nobles of Rajputana, all have vied with one another in leaving temples and shrines, charities and benefactions, dotted over the *Panch Kos.*

Or we may see the same thing industrially. We can buy in Benares, besides her own delicate webs, the *saris* of Madras and the Dekkan alike. Or we may go to the Vishwanath Bazar for the carpentry of the Punjab. We may find in the same city the brass work of Nasik, of Trichinopoli, and of the Nepalese frontier. It is there, better than anywhere else in India, that we may buy the stone vessels of Gaya, of Jubbulpur, and of Agra, or the Shivas of the Nerbudda and the *sala-*

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

grams of the Gumti and Nepal. And the food of every province may be bought in these streets, the language of every race in India heard within these walls.

On questions of religion and of custom, again, in all parts of India, as has been said, the supreme appeal is to Benares. The princes of Gwalior dine only when the news has been telegraphed that the day's food has been offered here. Here too the old works of art and religion, and the old craftsmen practising quaint crafts, linger longest, and may still perchance be found when they have become rare to the point of vanishing everywhere else. Here the *Vyasas* chant authoritative renderings of the epic stories on the *ghâts*. And here at great banquets food is still considered only secondary to the reciting of the scriptures. Surely it is clear enough that as in the Latin Empire of City and of Church the saying grew up, "All roads lead to Rome," so also in India, so long as she remains India, all roads, all faiths, all periods, and all historical developments will lead us sooner or later back to Benares.

A city in such a position, possessed of such manifold significance, the pilgrim-centre of a continent, must always have had an overwhelming need of strong civic organisation. And that such a need was recognised in the city during the ages of its growth, we may see in many ways. No mediæval township

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

in Europe gives stronger evidence of self-organisation than we find here.

"The mediæval city," says the great European sociologist Kropotkin, "appears as a double federation: of all householders united into small territorial unions—the street, the parish, the section—and of individuals united by oath into guilds, according to their professions; the former being a product of the village-community origin of the city, while the second is a subsequent growth, called into life by new conditions."

This is a master statement which can at once be applied here, if only we dismiss the European idea of labour as the main *motif* of this city's growth, and substitute the Indian equivalent of religion and learning. Labour is present here of course, and has flourished, as we know, in this spot, during at least three thousand years, but it has never reared its head to become a predominant and independent factor in the growth of Benares. This central significance, this higher element in the federation, has been supplied here, by the presence of priests and pundits, monasteries and poets, bound to each other, not by professional oaths, but by the invisible and spiritual bonds of caste and tradition, and religious bonds—by Hinduism, in short. Not the craftsman, but the Hindu carrying the craftsman with him, has made Benares what she is, and here in this city we have the picture of one of the finest things that the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Indian faith—uninterfered with by foreign influences, and commanding the enthusiastic co-operation of the whole nation—could produce. It is no mean achievement. On Benares as it has made it the Hindu genius may well take its stand. By the city of Shiva it may well claim to be judged.

It is, however, when we turn to the first element in Kropotkin's analysis of the city that we find Benares to be most completely illuminated. In a pilgrim-city, we cannot but think that some mutual organisation of householders for self-defence must have been a prime necessity. The policing of such a city was more than usually important. What were the arrangements made for sanitation, for ambulance, for hospital-service, for the clearing-out of vagrants? These things may not in the Middle Ages have been called by these names, but assuredly their realities existed, and such necessities had to be met. Householders united into small territorial unions—the street, the *para*. And is not Benares filled with small courts and alleys, divided from the main streets by short flights of broad steps, each crowned by its own gate? Is it more than thirty or forty years since each of these had its own guard or *concierge* and was closed at night to be opened again in the morning? In many cases of course the massive doors themselves are now removed, but the pillars and hooks and hinges still remain to bear witness to their old function.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

In other instances they stand there still pushed back against the wall, and one pauses a moment as one passes to ask, When was this last shut? These portals to each little group of important houses are a silent witness to the order and cleanliness of Benares as the Hindu made it. Just as in Edinburgh, as in Nürnberg, as in Paris, so here also, the group of wealthy houses thus barred in at a certain hour after dark was responsible for the freedom of its own space from uncleanliness and violence. It must undertake the connection between its own sanitation and the underground sewage system of the city, which was similar in character to that of ancient Pataliputra. It must be responsible for the proper alleviation of such suffering as fell within its limits, and its members must duly contribute their full share to the common burdens of the city as a whole. But when we come to the gates of the *para* or section, of which some still remain guarded by their watchmen outstanding in the bazaars, we understand full importance to the mediæval mind of the question of civic order and of a strong but peaceful civic defence. For here within these gateways, we find the shrines of *Kal Bhairab*, the divine *Kotwal*, who perambulates the city of Shiva night after night, with staff and dog, who is worshipped by sentinels and gatekeepers, and who has the supreme discretion of accepting or rejecting at his will those who fain would enter within the sacred bounds.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Of the divine *Kotwal* every city-watchman held himself as minister and earthly representative. And in this worship of *Kal Bhairab,* the Black Demon of Shiva, we may read the whole history of the civic organisation of Benares in the Middle Ages.

The modern age was later perhaps in arriving, here than elsewhere. But arrive it did, and its work when it came, here as elsewhere, was to multiply problems and to discredit the solutions that had been discovered by slow ages of growth. All that strong rope of self-defence, twisted of so many strands of local combination and territorial responsibility, with which Benares had been wont to meet her own needs, was now done away. The communal sense was stunned by the blow, for the fact was demonstrated to it *ad nauseam* that it was itself powerless against strong central combinations of force. Thus the old self-jurisdiction and self-administration of the civic group was banished. And at the same time the railways connected Benares with every part of India, and made it possible to pour in upon her daily as large a number of diseased, infirm, and starving persons, as may once have reached her on foot or in boats in the course of a year. Thus a forest of needs has grown up in modern Benares, of which the past generations with their common-sense, their spontaneous kindliness, and their thrifty municipal management, knew nothing.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Poor working-folk come, when the last hope has failed them, trusting that the Great God will be their refuge in his own city. In the old days, when Benares was a wealthy capital, these would have made their way to some house or *para* inhabited by well-to-do townsfolk from their own district, and through their kind offices work would sooner or later have been found. But now they find themselves amongst strangers. The music of temple-bells is the only sound familiar to them. Priests and fellow-worshippers are alike unknown. And it may be that in the sanctuary-city they have but fled from one despair to another.

Or the poor student comes here to learn. In the old days he would have found house-room as well as food in the home of his guru, or of some wealthy patron, and if he fell ill, he would have been cared for there, as a member of the family. To-day the number of so-called students is great, and possibly amongst them the indolent are many. For certainly temptations must have multiplied, at the same time that the moral continuity of the old relation between distant homestead and metropolitan *para* has been lost. In any case, even amongst the most earnest, some of these poor students have, as we have seen, to live in the streets. And when illness overtakes such there is none to aid, for there is none even to know. The *chhattras* are certainly a wonderful institution, showing the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

unexpected power of this ancient city to meet the needs of her own children. But the *chhattras* cannot offer home and hospital. And these also are sometimes needed.

And finally there is the case of the widowed gentlewomen who come to Benares to pray for their dead. As with others, so here also there is in many cases but slender provision. And yet nowadays they cannot come to friends, but must needs hire a room and pay rent to a landlord. Nor can we venture to pass too harsh a verdict on the capitalist who evicts his tenant—though a woman and delicately nurtured—when the rent has fallen too long into arrears. For he probably has to deal with the fact on such a scale that the course is forced upon him, if he will save himself from ruin. More striking even than this is that fear of the police, which we find everywhere amongst the helpless, and which drives the keeper of the apartment-house to dismiss its penniless inmates when near to death, lest he should afterwards be arraigned in court for having stolen their provision!

Prostrate, then, under the disintegrating touch of the Modern Era, lies at this moment the most perfect of mediæval cities. Is she to become a memory to her children after four thousand or more years of a constant growth? Or will there prove to be some magic in the new forces of enthusiasm that are running through the veins of the nation, that shall yet

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0. In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

make itself potent to renew her ancient life-streams also?

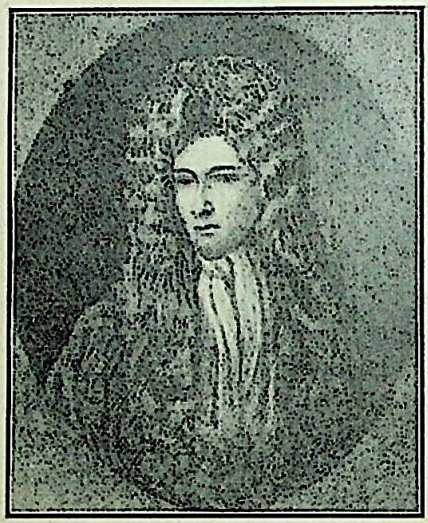
Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

JONATHAN SWIFT

[1667—1745]

Of English parentage, Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin November 30, 1667. After a brief school career he went to Trinity College, Dublin, and a few years after taking his degree, became confidential Secretary to Sir William Temple at Moor Park, Surrey. In 1694 he was presented to the living of Kilroot, near Belfast. After some time he became



Vicar of Laracor in Ireland, and was, in 1714, ultimately preferred to the Deanery of St. Patrick's Dublin. While he was in England he distinguished himself by writing powerful political pamphlets, and for a time his influence was so great that he may be said to have dictated the political opinions of the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

English nation. At one time he espoused the cause of the Whigs, but later on he changed his political opinions and identified himself with the Tory party. When he had finally settled down in Ireland, he valiantly championed the cause of the Irish people and their liberty. He became immensely popular and the grateful people made him their idol. His influence on them was so great that the Lord Lieutenant humorously complained that he governed Ireland by Swift's permission.

Unfortunately Swift's health was never robust, and he suffered from recurring attacks of a brain disease which increased his irritability and mental weakness. He was a man of inordinate ambition and his failures filled him with bitterness. His writings clearly reflect his ferocious and pessimistic temper. Steele was among his friends, though differences arose afterwards which lasted his whole life. Another friend who exercised a great influence upon his emotional life was Esther Johnson, a beautiful lady, whom he called Stella in his journals. The last years of Swift's life were very unhappy till death brought him merciful release in 1745. It is a fine remark that Thackeray made on his tragic life: "To think of him is like thinking of the ruin of a great Empire."

Swift is one of the great English prose writers. He is a master of simple, direct and colloquial style, which in his hands is seldom ornate or rhetorical. His special field is undoubtedly satire, and the instrument he uses with deadly effect is irony—that is, the art of saying one thing in order to convey another. He began his literary career by writing pamphlets most of which he never published. *The Battle of the Books* was written in 1697 but it did not appear till it was published with *The Tale of A Tub* in 1704. They rank among the finest prose satires in the language, and may safely be taken as the essence of Swifts' thought and style. But the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

most popular of his works is *Gulliver's Travels* which is the bitterest satire ever penned on mankind. His *Journal to Stella*, however, reveals his tenderness of nature, as the pamphlets represent him in a lighter vein. Tragedy is written across Swifts' life and it is no wonder that his humour is often as bitter as gall, and he does not share the flippant and shallow optimism of his age, but remains a profound pessimist.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOM-STICK

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has looped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head: and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING

WE are told the devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning; so that, beyond contradiction, the invention is old: and, which is more, his first Essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of his prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience: for which he was driven down from heaven, where (as Milton expresses it) he had been viceroy of a great western province; and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, poor or deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so, till he be chained in the bottomless pit.

But although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics, is not so clear from history, although I have made some diligent inquiries. I shall therefore consider it only according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us that, after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the earth in revenge produced her last offspring, which

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

was Fame. And the fable is thus interpreted: that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumours and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have made great additions, applying this art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it; as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those that tread upon them.

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for political lying; I shall therefore desire to refine upon it, by adding some circumstances of its birth and parents. A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman's head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape: at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it; and often it sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth, and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the opening of the womb, and there it is delivered with a whisper. I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, [of] which, although too proud and great at

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

present to own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood. To conclude the nativity of this monster; when it comes into the world without a sting it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting it dies.

No wonder if an infant so miraculous in its birth should be destined for great adventures; and accordingly we see it has been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain; has presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a blackmoor white; make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their ruin in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In this glass you will behold your best friends, clad in coats powdered with *fleurs de lis* and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes; and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, moderation, and a cornucopia in their hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

in mud, and, soaring aloft, scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty ways for new supplies.

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty, that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary according to the various occasions he meets with every hour of differing from himself and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds the persons disposed with whom he has to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient, upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whom we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule, and my imagination this minute represents before me a certain great man famous for this talent, to the constant practice of which he owes his twenty years' reputation

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

of the most skilful head in England for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts, the next half-hour. He never yet considered whether any proposition were true or false, but whether it were convenient for the present minute or company to affirm or deny it; so that, if you think fit to refine upon him by interpreting everything he says, as we do dreams, by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived whether you believe or not: the only remedy is to suppose that you have heard some inarticulate sounds, without any meaning at all; and besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition; although, at the same time, I think he cannot with any justice be taxed with perjury when he invokes God and Christ, because he has often fairly given public notice to the world that he believes in neither.

Some people may think that such an accomplishment as this can be of no great use to the owner, or his party, after it has been often practised and is become notorious; but they are widely mistaken. Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand with-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

out being known for the author: besides, as the vilest writer has his readers, so the greatest liar has his believers; and it often happens that, if a lie be believed only for an hour, it has done its work, and there is no farther occasion for it. (Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man who has thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed or the company parted; or like a physician who has found out an infallible medicine after the patient is dead.)

Considering that natural disposition in many men to lie, and in multitudes to believe, I have been perplexed what to do with that maxim so frequent in everybody's mouth, that truth will at last prevail. Here has this island of ours, for the greatest part of twenty years, lain under the influence of such counsels and persons, whose principle and interest it was to corrupt our manners, blind our understanding, drain our wealth, and in time destroy our constitution both in church and state, and we at last were brought to the very brink of ruin; yet, by the means of perpetual misrepresentations, have never been able to distinguish between our enemies and friends. We have seen a great part of the nation's money got into the hands of those who, by their birth, education, and merit, could pretend no higher than to wear our liveries; while others, who, by their credit, quality, and fortune, were only

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

able to give reputation and success to the Revolution, were not only laid aside as dangerous and useless, but loaded with the scandal of Jacobites, men of arbitrary principles, and pensioners to France; while truth, who is said to lie in a well, seemed now to be buried there under a heap of stones. But I remember it was a usual complaint among the Whigs, that the bulk of the landed men was not in their interests, which some of the wisest looked on as an ill omen; and we saw it was with the utmost difficulty that they could preserve a majority, while the court and ministry were on their side, till they had learned those admirable expedients for deciding elections and influencing distant boroughs by powerful motives from the city. But all this was mere force and constraint, however upheld by most dexterous artifice and management, until the people began to apprehend their properties, their religion, and the monarchy itself in danger; when we saw them greedily laying hold on the first occasion to interpose. But of this mighty change in the dispositions of the people I shall discourse more at large in some following paper: wherein I shall endeavour to undeceive or discover those deluded or deluding persons who hope or pretend it is only a short madness in the vulgar, from which they may soon recover; whereas, I believe it will appear to be very different in its causes, its symptoms, and its consequences; and prove a great example to illus-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Narja, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

trate the maxim I lately mentioned, that truth (however sometimes late) will at last prevail.

THE VINDICATION OF ISSAC BICKERSTAFF.

MR. PARTRIDGE[1] has been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner, in that which is called his Almanac for the present year: such usage is very indecent from one gentleman to another, and does not at all contribute to the discovery of truth, which ought to be the great end in all disputes of the learned. To call a man a fool and villain, an impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education. I appeal to the learned world, whether, in last year's predic-

[1] The history of the famous joke is briefly this. In 1708, Swift, in ridicule of the pretensions of almanac makers, published under the name of Bickerstaff his sham "Predictions for the year 1708", one of the predictions being the death of John Partridge on March 29th, 1708. Partridge was a well-known prophet of the time, whose book was called "Merlinus Liberatus, by John Partridge, Student in Physick and Astrology, at the Blue Bell in Salisbury Street, in the Strand London". In April Swift published an account of Partridge's death, and many wits followed this up with numerous epitaphs. Later appeared "Bickerstaff Detected, by J. Partridge", an attempt to turn the joke against Swift, which has been variously attributed to Congreve, Rowe, and Dr. Yalden. Then, in 1709, Swift vindicated himself in this ironical paper. Partridge really lived till 1715, and there is an epitaph to him in Morlake Churchyard, but he issued no almanac after 1709, for his fame did not survive his metaphorical death at the hands of Swift.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

tions, I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all ages; but the discreetest among them have always differed as became philosophers. Scurrility and passion, in a controversy among scholars, is just so much of nothing to the purpose, and at best a tacit confession of a weak cause: my concern is not so much for my own reputation, as that of the republic of letters, which Mr. Partridge has endeavoured to wound through my sides. If men of public spirit must be superciliously treated for their ingenious attempts, how will true useful knowledge be ever advanced? I wish Mr. Partridge knew the thoughts which foreign universities have conceived of his ungenerous proceedings with me; but I am too tender of his reputation to publish them to the world. That spirit of envy and pride, which blasts so many rising geniuses in our nation, is yet unknown among professors abroad: the necessity of justifying myself will excuse my vanity, when I tell the reader, that I have near a hundred honorary letters from several parts of Europe (some as far as Muscovy) in praise of my performance, beside several others which, as I have been credibly informed, were opened in the post-office, and never sent me. It is true, the Inquisition[1] in

[1] Swift had predicted that the Pope would die on the 11th of Sept., and it was reported by an ambassador that his book was actually burnt.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Portugal was pleased to burn my predictions, and condemn the author and the readers of them: but I hope, at the same time, it will be considered in how deplorable a state learning lies at present in that kingdom: and with the profoundest veneration for crowned heads, I will presume to add, that it a little concerned his majesty of Portugal to interpose his authority in behalf of a scholar and a gentleman, the subject of a nation with which he is now in so strict an alliance. But the other kingdoms and states of Europe have treated me with more candour and generosity. If I had leave to print the Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defence against all that Mr. Partridge, or his accomplices of the Portugal inquisition, will be ever able to object; who, by the way, are the only enemies my predictions have ever met with at home or abroad. But I hope I know better what is due to the honour of a learned correspondence in so tender a point. Yet some of those illustrious persons will perhaps excuse me for transcribing a passage or two[1] in my vindication. The most learned Monsieur Leibnitz thus addresses to me his third letter: "*Illustrissimo Bickerstaffio astrologiæ instauratori*", &c. Monsieur Le Clerc, quoting my predictions in a treatise he published last

1 These ludicrous quotations are a burlesque of the style of Swift's old antagonist, Bentley (Nichols).

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

year, is pleased to say, *"Ita nuperimme Bickerstaffius magnum illud Angliæ sidus"*. Another great professor writing of me has these words: *"Bickerstaffius nobilis Anglus, astrologorum hujusce sæculi facile princeps"*. Signior Magliabecchi, the great duke's famous library keeper, spends almost his whole letter in compliments and praises. It is true, the renowned professor of astronomy at Utrecht seems to differ from me in one article; but it is after the modest manner that becomes a philosopher; as, *pace tanti viri dixerim*: and page 55, he seems to lay the error upon the printer (as indeed it ought), and says, *vel forsan error typographi, cum alioquin Bickerstaffius vir doctissimus*, &c.

If Mr. Partridge had followed these examples in the controversy between us, he might have spared me the trouble of justifying myself in so public a manner. I believe no man is readier to own his errors than I, or more thankful to those who will please to inform him of them. But it seems, this gentleman, instead of encouraging the progress of his own art, is pleased to look upon all attempts of that kind as an invasion of his province. He has been indeed so wise as to make no objection against the truth of my predictions, except in one single point relating to himself: and to demonstrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do solemnly assure the reader, that he is the only person, from whom I ever heard that

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

objection offered; which consideration alone, I think, will take off all its weight.

With my utmost endeavours I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made against the truth of my last year's prophecies: the first was of a Frenchman who was pleased to publish to the world "that the Cardinal de Noailles was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended prophecy of Monsieur Biquerstaffe", but how far a Frenchman, a papist, and an enemy is to be believed in his own cause, against an English Protestant who is true to the government, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader.

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this discourse, and relates to an article in my Predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanac he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly asserts that he "is not only now alive, but was likewise alive upon that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die". This is the subject of the present controversy between us; which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness. In this dispute, I am sensible the eyes not only of England but of all Europe will be upon us: and the learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

side where they find most appearance of reason and truth.

Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is this: about a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanacs for this year merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, "they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this". Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed, so that Mr. Partridge lies under a dilemma, either of disowning his almanac, or allowing himself to be no man alive. Secondly, Death is defined by all philosophers, a separation of the soul and body. Now it is certain, that the poor woman who has best reason to know, has gone about for some time into every alley in the neighbourhood, and sworn to the gossips that her husband had neither life nor soul in him. Therefore, if an uninformed carcase walks still about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself any way answerable for that. Neither had the said carcase any right to beat the poor boy who happened to pass by it in the street, crying, "a full and true account of Dr. Partridge's death", &c.

Thirdly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell fortunes, and recover stolen goods; which all the parish says he must do by conversing

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

with the devil and other evil spirits; and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead.

Fourthly, I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanac for this year and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, "he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on": by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelve-month ago. And, indeed, there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert he was alive ever since that 29th of March, but that he "is now alive, and was so on that day". I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death in a Letter to a Lord; and whether he be since revived I leave the world to judge. This indeed is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

Fifthly, I will appeal to Mr. Partridge himself whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that ever was pretended to be in them? and this in an affair at home where I had so many opportunities to be exact; and must have given such advantages against me to a person of Mr. Partridge's wit and learning, who, if he could possibly have raised one single objec-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

tion more against the truth of my prophecies, would hardly have spared me.

And here I must take occasion to reprove the abovementioned writer of the relation of Mr. Partridge's death in a Letter to a Lord, who was pleased to tax me with a mistake of four whole hours in my calculation of that event. I must confess, this censure, pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that so nearly concerned me, and by a grave judicious author, moved me not a little. But though I was at that time out of town, yet several of my friends, whose curiosity had led them to be exactly informed, (for as to my own part, having no doubt at all in the matter, I never once thought of it) assured me I computed to something under half an hour, which (I speak my private opinion) is an error of no very great magnitude that men should raise a clamour about it. I shall only say, it would not be amiss if that author would henceforth be more tender of other men's reputations as well as his own. It is well there were no more mistakes of that kind; if there had, I presume he would have told me of them with as little ceremony.

There is one objection against Mr. Partridge's death which I have sometimes met with, though indeed very slightly offered, that he still continues to write almanacs. But this is no more than what is common to all of that profession: Gadbury,[1] Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others do yearly publish

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

their almanacs though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution. Now the natural reason of this I take to be, that whereas it is the privilege of authors to live after their death, almanac-makers are alone excluded, because their dissertations, treating only upon the minutes as they pass, become useless as those go off. In consideration of which, time, whose registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their works after death.

I should not have given the public or myself the trouble of this vindication if my name had not been made use of by several persons to whom I never lent it; one of which, a few days ago, was pleased to father on me a new set of predictions. But I think these are things too serious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart, when I saw my labours, which had cost me so much thought and watching, bawled about by the common hawkers of Grub-street, which I only intended for the weighty consideration of the gravest persons. This prejudiced the world so much at first, that several of my friends had the assurance to ask me whether I were in jest? to which I only answered coldly, "that the event would show". But it is the talent of our age and nation to turn things of the

---

1 A contemporary almanac-maker, whose life was written by Partridge. Poor Robin's Almanac lasted from 1662 to 1828. The others are advertised in the *Daily Courant* in 1705.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had verified all my predictions, out comes Mr. Partridge's almanac, disputing the point of his death; so that I am employed, like the general who was forced to kill his enemies twice over, whom a necromancer had raised to life. If Mr. Partridge have practised the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive, long may he continue so; that does not the least contradict my veracity; but I think I have clearly proved, by invincible demonstration, that he died, at farthest, within half an hour of the time I foretold, and not four hours sooner, as the above-mentioned author, in his Letter to a Lord, has maliciously suggested, with design to blast my credit, by charging me with so gross a mistake.

MISCELLANEOUS HINTS TOWARD AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this; and, indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seems so much to be said.

"Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection: but in conversation it is, or might be, otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remains as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seems to me, that the truest way to understand conversation, is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requires few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire, without any great genius or study. For nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance; nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober, deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves: some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise: they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, jus as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is he is sensible enough.

Where a company has met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university: after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army who will sit for some time with a supercilious and im-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

patient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length, of a sudden, demanding audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: it is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside: he neither expects to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of young students from the inns of court, or the universities; who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and *belles letters*.

By these means the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition, men of the court, or the army, may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, besides the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who has a general reception at the good tables; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, beside the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. 'Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to.' 'And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid: nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.'

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable; I mean an impatience to interrupt others; and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

either of these two errors; because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts, which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

many instances in Plautus. It seems to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious; although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects, frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that, whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endued have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice, and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springs from a barrenness of invention, and of words; by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice has inured and emboldened them; because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice; which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most unsupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits; to support which they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This has given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, so that they are never present in mind at what passes in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding; such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty which is held the great distinction between men and brutes: and how little advantage we make of that, which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life: in default of which we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours; whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted, both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity: which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, has been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles I.'s reign, and from what we read of those times, as well as from the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he does not dwell upon them, but leaves room for answers and replies.

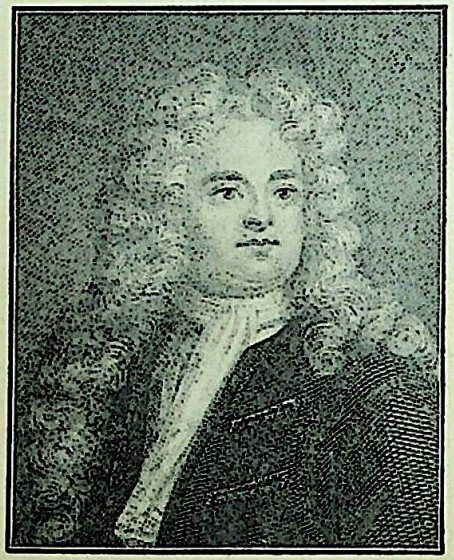
Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

SIR RICHARD STEELE

[1672—1729]

Richard Steele, the son of an Irish barrister, was born in Dublin on March 12, 1672. He became an orphan at an early age and was sent to the Charterhouse School and then to Merton College, Oxford. At school he met Addison as a school-fellow and formed friendship with him which was to ripen into



literary fellowship. He left Oxford without taking a degree, joined the army and rose to the rank of a Captain. While yet in the army he wrote in 1701 a moral and religious treatise entitled *The Christian Hero,* which went through many editions and tried

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

to establish that the principles of religion were enough to make a great man. His brother officers looked upon it with great scorn. He next devoted himself to the composition of dramas but without much success. *The Funeral,—The Tender Husband* and *The Lying Lover* proved failures on the stage and are seldom read now. Later he threw himself with zeal into politics, and being an ardent pamphleteer was awarded by the Whig government with the post of Gazetteer. In 1709 he started the *Tatler,* which he conducted for three years with the help of Addison. Later he started the *Spectator* and the *Guardian,* all of which added to his fame as an essayist. Several other periodicals were set on foot by Steele at different times, e.g. the *Englishman,* the *Reader,* the *Tea Table,* the *Town Week,* etc. but none of them ever attained the popularity of the *Spectator.* In 1713 he entered Parliament and on a certain political issue quarrelled with his lifelong friend, Addison never to reconcile again. Steele married twice. The last five years of his life were spent in retirement on the borders of Wales. He played various parts on the stage of life and suffered many vicissitudes, but he retained his cheerfulness to the last even when paralysis seized him and he was unable to speak. After many ups and downs and much buffeting by fortune, he died in Wales in 1729, having, as Thackeray says, "outlived his places, his schemes, his wife, his income, his health and almost everything but his kind heart."

Steele's genius has permanently enriched English literature. He borrowed the name of Isaac Bickerstaff from Swift and thus made him more popular among readers. He conceived the idea of the Spectator Club and gave the first sketch of Sir Roger de Coverley in a few but vigorous strokes, which were afterwards greatly refined and altered by Addison. The periodical essay in his hands achieved

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

a distinctly literary value, as he brought to his work a wide experience of life, generous sympathies, and a sunny humour. He was a moralist at heart and the ethical importance of his work could not be overstated.

THE CLUB

THE first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire,* of ancient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. His great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is call'd after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in *Soho-Square.* It is said, he keeps himself a Batchelor by reason he was crossed in Love, by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Rochester and Sir *George Etherege,* fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawson* in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. He is now in his Fifty sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum;* that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago gain'd universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

The Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Batchelor, who is a Member of the *Inner Temple;* a man

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursome Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Cooke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump: He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Business; exactly at five he passes thro' *New-Inn,* crosses thro' *Russel-Court,* and takes a turn at *Will's* till the play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Perriwig powder'd at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose.* It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

The Person of next Consideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London.* A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jesting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common.* He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruined more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, among which the greatest Favourite is, "A Penny saved is a Penny got." A General Trader of good Sense, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men; tho' at the same Time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the Compass but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the Club-room sits Captain Sentry, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take Notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges; but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose I never heard him make a sour Expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even Regular Behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

that must press through Crowds, who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his Way excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Men's Desert, or inquiring into it: For, says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come to him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, especially in a military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnish'd him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a Gentleman who according to his Years should be in the Decline of his Life, but

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

having ever been very careful of his Person, and always had a very easie Fortune, Time has made but very little Impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well turn'd, of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women. He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; and whose Vanity to show her Foot made Petticoats so short in such a Year. In a Word, all his Conversation and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take Notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same Time received a Glance or a Blow of a Fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the Present Lord such-a-one. This way of Talking of his very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company but myself, who rarely

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

speaks at all, but speaks of him as that Sort of Man, who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophick Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes, when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

A STAGE-COACH JOURNEY

HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and, attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County Town at Twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, enquired of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. *Betty Arable*, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother, a recruiting Officer (who took a Place because they were to go), young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to), *Ephraim* the Quaker, her Guardian, and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S. I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Daybreak we were all called; and I, who know my own natural Shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting out was, that the Captain's Hall-Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloak-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good-natured, usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity; and we had not moved about two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, "That indeed he had but very little Luck, and suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word," continued he, "I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me your self, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep, to be the Brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, "This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father." The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good Part that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savoureth of Folly: Thou art a Person of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, but thy Emptiness, that thou hast spoken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we cannot help it Friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee: But if thou wert a Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take Advantage of thy couragious Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the Hearing

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it as an Outrage against a distressed Person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some Degree assaulting on the high Road.'

Here *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support it self at the same time) crys, "Faith, Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing Part of the Journey. I was going to give myself Airs, but Ladies I beg Pardon."

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowered by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim;* and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happen'd which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I consider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no small good

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore *Ephraim* said when we were almost arrived at *London*, to me had an Air not only of good Understanding, but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary Part of humane Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon Meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him: Such a Man when he falleth in the Way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend," continued he, turning to the Officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparels are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Curb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable Demeanour, and I should be glad to

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it.

ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis, habebo.

—Virg. *Aen.* v. 49

And now the rising day renews the year,
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.—*Dryden.*

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or goodwill, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the Manes of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in gloomy moment the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

those with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at that time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened by desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father,[1] at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again". She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport which methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what

---

1 Steele's father was a lawyer, and was once secretary to the Duke of Ormond, who procured the essayist a foundation at the Charterhouse where his friendship with Addison began.

Ganesh.Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth than the passages of later days. For this reason it is that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! Oh Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler! I still behold the smiling earth—— A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found that, though we drank two bottles a man, we had much reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

GOOD TEMPER

It is an unreasonable thing some Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

complaining that they are out of Order, or displeas'd, or they know not how; and are so far from letting that be a Reason for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any Body to do with Accounts of a Man's being indispos'd but his Physician? If a man laments in Company, where the rest are in Humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a Servant is order'd to present him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Posset-drink, by way of Admonition that he go home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily understand by the Word Conversation, is an Indulgence to the sociable Part of our Make; and should incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relation which must of Necessity oblige them to a real or feign'd Affliction. Cares, Distresses, Diseases, Uneasinesses, and Dislikes of our own, are by no Means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would consider how little of this Vicissitude of Motion and Rest, which we call Life, is spent with Satisfaction; we should be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but cheerful Life; therefore Valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into Company, not to say a Word of themselves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

be always sitting with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roses, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the Cheerfulness of our Spirits, and never let them sink below an Inclination at least to be well pleased: The Way to this, is to keep our Bodies in Exercise, our Minds at Ease. That insipid State wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be accounted any Part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of some innocent Pleasure, or Pursuit of some laudable Design, we are in the Possession of Life, of humane Life. Fortune will give us Disappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus*, among so many real Evils, a chronical Distemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity, and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an Estate, is the way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

This Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquillity in the Mind. *Cottilus* sees the World in an Hurry, with the same Scorn that a sober Person sees a Man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a Disappointment? If another had valued his Mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her Power: If her Virtue had had a Part of his Passion, her Levity had been his Cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same Time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant Health, let us endeavour at such a Temper as may be our best Support in the Decay of it. *Uranius* has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him present Ease. *Uranius* is so thoroughly persuaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an Interest in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Time of his Birth he entered into an eternal Being; and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, since that Moment is not of half the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and consistent Series of cheerful Diversions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickness less affecting to him than Indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard Life after this Manner, none but Idiots can pass it away with any tolerable Patience. Take a fine Lady who is of a delicate Frame, and you may observe from the Hour she rises a certain Weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful People that they meet; one is so awkward and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the same Air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great Part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among the Ladies turns upon their Uneasiness; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a weekly Bill of Sickness, as the Parish Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of Seven Days, one in thirty that was not downright Sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain, that to enjoy Life and Health

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

as a constant Feast, we should not think Pleasure necessary; but, if possible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoy'd upon Occasions of good Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumstances of Distress. Laughter in one Condition, is as unmanly as weeping in the other. We should not form our Minds to expect Transport on every Occasion, but know how to make Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Desire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can possess our selves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleasures, and can be felt much better than described: But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Prospect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of our Time has set this in an excellent Light, when with a philosophick Pity of human Life he spoke of it in his Theory of the Earth in the following Manner.

For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? and ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are eternally happy.

OF FLATTERY

No more to flattering crowds thine ear incline,
Eager to drink the praise which is not thine.

BREWSTER.

Among all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the love of flattery. For as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the disease rages with the most violence; so in this distemper of the mind, when there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it cannot be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be overturned, for, like music, it

—— So softens and disarms the mind,
That not one arrow can resistance find.

First we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

awakens our self-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favours we so often see poured upon the parasite, are represented to us, by our self-love, as justice done to man, who so agreeably reconciles us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and ensnaring compliances, we gladly recompense the artifices that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weaknesses of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. 'Tis the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man, who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill and were as little designed for our wearing, as their clothes. Instead of going out of our own complexional nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable copy become a good original; for there is no temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar cast and turn be brought to some agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behaviour, will, like manly in the play, please by the grace which nature gives to every action wherein she is complied with; the brisk and lively will not want their admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to undo him, the flatterer stirs up that dormant weakness, and inspires him with merit enough to be a coxcomb. But if flattery be the most sordid act that can be complied with, the art of praising justly is as commendable: for 'ts laudable to praise well; as poets at one and the same time give immortality, and receive it themselves for a reward: both are pleased, the one whilst he receives the recompense of merit, the other whilst he shows he knows how to discern it; but above all, that man is happy in this art, who, like a skilful painter, retains the features and complexion, but still softens the picture into the most agreeable likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure, than that of praise unmixed with any possibility of flattery. Such was that which Germanicus enjoyed, when, the night before a battle, desirous of some sincere mark of the esteem of his legions for him, he is described by Tacitus listening in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his glory, whilst

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

with an undesigned sincerity they praised his noble and majestic mien, his affability, his valour, conduct, and success in war. How must a man have his heart full-blown with joy in such an article of glory as this? What a spur and encouragement still to proceed in those steps which had already brought him to so pure a taste of the greatest of mental enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even enemies and envious persons bestow the sincerest marks of esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater pleasure, as extorted by merit, and freed from all suspicion of favour or flattery. Thus it is with Malvolio; he has wit, learning, and discernment, but tempered with an alloy of envy, self-love and detraction: Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and good humour of the company, if it centre not in his person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only person admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to lessen the superiority he affects; but by this very method, he bestows such praise as can never be suspected of flattery. His uneasiness and distastes are so many sure and certain signs of another's title to that glory he desires, and has the mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good name is fitly compared to a precious ointment, and when we are praised with skill and decency, 'tis indeed the most

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

agreeable perfume, but if too strongly admitted into a brain of a less vigorous and happy texture, 'twill, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves 'twas intended to refresh. A generous mind is of all others the most sensible of praise and dispraise; and a noble spirit is as much invigorated with its due proportion of honour and applause, as 'tis depressed by neglect and contempt: but 'tis only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of the extremes; as in a thermometer, 'tis only the purest and most sublimated spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the season.

Mr. Spectator,

The translations which you have lately given us from the Greek, in some of your last Papers, have been the occasion of my looking into some of those authors; among whom I chanced on a collection of letters which pass under the name of Aristaenetus. Of all the remains of antiquity, I believe there can be nothing produc'd of an air so gallant and polite; each letter contains a little novel or adventure, which is told with all the beauties of language and heightened with a luxuriance of wit. There are several of them translated, but with such wide deviations from the original, and in a style so far differing from the authors, that the translator seems rather to have taken hints for the expressing his own

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

sense and thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render those of *Aristaenetus*. In the following translation, I have kept as near the meaning of the Greek as I could, and have only added a few words to make the sentences in English fit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The story seems to be taken from that of Pygmalion and the Statue in Ovid: some of the thoughts are of the same turn, and the whole is written in a kind of poetical prose.

Philophinax to Chromation

"Never was man more overcome with so fantastical a passion as mine. I have painted a beautiful woman, and am despairing, dying for the picture. My own skill has undone me; 'its not the dart of Venus, but my own pencil has thus wounded me. Ah me! with what anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own idol? How miserable am I, whilst every one must as much pity the painter as he praises the picture, and own my torment more than equal to my art. But why do I thus complain? Yes, I have seen the representations of Phaedra, Narcissus, and Pasiphae. Phaedra was unhappy in her Love; That of Pasiphae was monstrous; and whilst the other caught at his beloved likeness, he destroyed the watery image, which ever eluded his embraces. The fountain represented Narcissus to himself, and the picture both that and

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

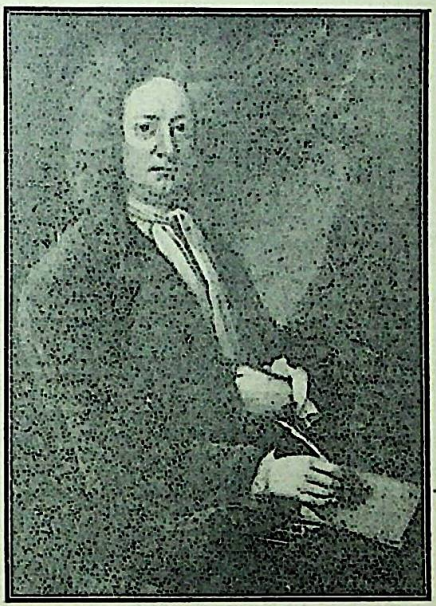
him, thirsting after his adored image. But I am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her Presence continually, and if I touch her, I destroy not the beauteous form, but she looks pleased, and a sweet smile sits in the charming space which divides her lips. One would swear that voice and speech were issuing out, and that one's ears felt the melodious sound. How often have I, deceived by a lover's credulity, hearkened if she had not something to whisper me? and when frustrated of my hopes, how often have I taken my revenge in kisses from her cheeks and eyes, and softly wooed her to my embrace, whilst she (as to me it seem'd) only withheld her tongue the more to inflame me. But, madman that I am, shall I be thus taken with the representation only of a beauteous face, and flowing hair, and thus waste myself and melt to ears for a shadow? Ah, sure 'tis something more, 'tis a reality! for see her beauties shine out with new lustre, and she seems to upbraid me with such unkind reproaches. Oh may I have a living mistress of this form, that when I shall compare the work of nature with that of art, I may be still at a loss which to choose, and be long perplexed with the pleasing uncertainty."

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

JOSEPH ADDISON
[1672—1719]

Joseph Addison, son of a parish priest, was born at Milston, a Wiltshire village, on May 1, 1672. At the Charterhouse he became a school fellow and friend of Richard Steele, who shares with him the glory of his greatest work. Then he entered Oxford



University and took his M.A. in 1693 from Magdalen College. Before leaving the University he established his fame for scholarship and literary talents. He toured the continent with the help of influential friends and on his return joined the Whig

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

party and took office in various capacities. He was appointed Commissioner of Appeals, then Under-Secretary of State, then Secretary for Ireland, and lastly Secretary of State for Home Affairs. He married the Dowager Countess of Warwick and lived at Holland House. In June 1719 he died peacefully of an attack of asthma and was buried in Westminister Abbey.

Addison's fame does not rest upon his political career or official position. He is gratefully remembered by posterity for his literary achievements. His translation of Virgil's *Georgics* won him the applause of Dryden and his famous poem, *The Campaign*, written to celebrate Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, secured for him official favour. *Cato*, a tragedy, also remained popular on the stage for political reasons. But his chief title to fame rests upon his contributions to the periodical papers. When Steele started the *Tatler*, Addison gladly offered his co-operation to his friend. Steele welcomed the assistance and handsomely acknowledged his part in making the venture a success. A greater success was the *Spectator* which was jointly started by the two friends and it became immensely popular chiefly on account of Addison's charming contributions. The aim of the *Spectator* was to 'banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain." It urged a ceaseless and successful war against the profligate Restoration tradition on the one hand and Puritan fanaticism and bigotry on the other. In one of his essays he tells us that his aim was "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality." Great as the services of Addison were in reforming society his literary work and its value are even greater and for all times.

Addison and Steele are always mentioned together and a comparison between the two is inevitable. We find that each had great and characteristic merits,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

and though Addison was on the whole decidedly superior as a writer, Steele in some respects excelled him. Addison's humour was equable, though not quite free from a soft touch of malice; whereas Steele's humour was more amiable. Addison burned with a steady glow, Steele sometimes burst into intense flame, sometimes sank into a flicker. In Addison the head was dominant, in Steele the heart. While he was safe from Steele's lapses, Addison could never soar to the heights his friend occasionally reached. As a moral satirist Addison stands unrivalled and the elusive charm of his humour is something superb in literature. Though his style at its best is inimitable yet it is well to remember Dr. Johnson's high praise: 'whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.'

MR. SPECTATOR

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
HOR. *Ars. Poet.* ver. 143.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles. ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural in a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that, when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamed that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my first appearance in the world, and at the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass over it in silence. I find that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my school-master, who used to say, "that my parts were solid, and would wear well." I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place or general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance. Sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversions of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe a strict neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can in any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper: and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean an account of my name, age, and lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work: for, as I have before

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

WITCHES

THERE are some Opinions in which a Man should stand Neuter, without engaging his Assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any Determination, is absolutely necessary in a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepossessions. When the Arguments press equally on both sides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the safest Method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this Temper of Mind that I consider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *East* and *West Indies*, but from every particular Nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

an Intercourse and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we express by the Name of Witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound most in these Relations, and that the Persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an Infernal Commerce are People of a weak Understanding and crazed Imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many Impostures and Delusions of this Nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to suspend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In short, when I consider the Question, Whether there are such Persons in the World as those we call Witches? my Mind is divided between the two opposite Opinions; or rather (to speak my Thoughts freely I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as Witchcraft; but at the same time can give no Credit to any Particular Instance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by some Occurrences that I met with Yesterday, which I shall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied her self to me for my Charity. Her Dress and Figure put me in mind of the following Description in *Otway*.

In a close Lane as I pursu'd my Journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, *with Age grown double,*
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold Palsy shook her Head: her Hands seem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old striped Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold:
So there was nothing of a-piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent-colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness.

As I was musing on this Description, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were observed to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her House which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of Miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Cross before her. If she made any Mistake at Church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Parish that would take a Pin of her, though she should offer a Bag of Money with it. She goes by the name of *Moll White,* and has made the Country ring with several imaginary Exploits which are palmed upon her. If the Dairy Maid does not make her Butter come so soon as she would have it, *Moll White* is at the bottom of the Churn. If a Horse sweats in the Stable, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Hare makes an unexpected Escape from the Hounds, the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Huntsman curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir Roger) I have known the Master of the Pack, upon such an Occasion, send one of his Servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that Morning.

This Account raised my Curiosity so far, that I begged my Friend Sir Roger to go with me into her Hovel, which stood in a solitary Corner under the side of the Wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the Door, which upon looking that way I found to be an old Broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the Ear to take notice of a Tabby Cat that sat in the Chimney-Corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a Report as *Moll White* her self; for besides that *Moll* is said often to accompany her in the same Shape, the Cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her Life, and to have played several Pranks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was secretly concerned to see Human Nature in so much Wretchedness and Disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old Woman, advising her as a Justice of the Peace to avoid all Communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her Neighbours' Cattle. We concluded our Visit with a Bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our Return home Sir Roger told me,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making Children spit Pins, and giving Maids the Night-Mare; and that the Country People would be tossing her into a Pond and trying Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

I have since found, upon Enquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the Reports that had been brought him concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions, had not his Chaplain with much ado perswaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this Account, because I hear there is scarce a Village in *England* that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old Woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a Parish, she is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole Country with extravagant Fancies, imaginary Distempers, and terrifying Dreams. In the meantime the poor Wretch that is the innocent Occasion of so many Evils begins to be frighted at her self, and sometimes confesses secret Commerce and Familiarities that her Imagination forms in a delirious old Age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greatest Objects of Compassion, and inspires People with a Malevolence towards those poor decrepid Parts of our Species, in whom Human Nature is defaced by Infirmity and Dotage.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

GIPSIES

As I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gypsies. Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some Doubt whether he should not exert the *Justice of the Peace* upon such a Band of lawless Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellor on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the Thought drop: But at the same Time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants. If a stray Piece of Linen hangs upon an Hedge, says Sir Roger, they are sure to have it; if a Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; our Geese cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Hen-roost is sure to pay for it: They generally straggle into these Parts about this Time of the Year; and set the Heads of our Servant-Maids so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Business done, as it should be, whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-Maid who crosses their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young Fellow in the Parish for her Pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be seduced by them; and

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every Time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gypsie for about half an Hour once in a Twelve-month. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: The Sluts have often very white Teeth and black Eyes.

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A *Cassandra* of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir Roger alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them who was older and more Sun-burnt than the rest, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which the Knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage, and at the same time smiled upon me. The Gypsie finding he was not displeased in his Heart, told him, after a

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

further Enquiry into his Hand, that his Truelove was constant, and that she should dream of him to Night. My old Friend cryed pish, and bid her go on. The Gypsie told him that he was a Batchelour, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to some Body than he thought: the Knight still repeated, She was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gypsie, that roguish Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ake; you ha'n't that Simper about the Mouth for Nothing—— The (uncouth Gibberish) with which all this was uttered, like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible People who believed these Gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for Half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjuror, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was pickt: That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my Reader with Historical Remarks on this idle profligate People, who infest all the Countries of *Europe*, and live in the Midst of Governments in a kind of Commonwealth by themselves.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

But instead of entering into Observations of this Nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my Paper with a Story which is still fresh in *Holland*, and was printed in one of our Monthly Accounts about twenty Years ago. "As the *Trekschuyt*, or Hackney-boat, which carries Passengers from *Leiden* to *Amsterdam*, was putting off, a Boy running along the Side of the Canal, desir'd to be taken in; which the Master of the Boat refused, because the Lad had not quite Money enough to pay the usual Fare. An eminent Merchant being pleased with the Looks of the Boy, and secretly touched with Compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four Languages, and learned upon further Examination that he had been stolen away when he was a Child by a Gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those Strolers up and down several Parts of *Europe*. It happened that the Merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the Boy by a secret kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child some Years before. The Parents, after a long Search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the Canals with which that Country abounds; and the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Particulars, and examining the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

several Moles and Marks by which the Mother used to describe the Child when he was first missing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchant, whose Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find a Father, who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good Estate; the Father, on the other Hand, was not a little delighted to see a Son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of Understanding, and skill in Languages." Here the printed Story leaves off; but if I may give credit to Reports, our Linguist having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practices that he had been used to in the Course of his Peregrinations: Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon National Business, with great Reputation to himself and Honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several Countries as a publick Minister, in which he formerly wandered as a Gypsy.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

I AM always very well pleased with a Country *Sunday;* and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day were only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country-People would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Faces, and in their cleanliest Habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country-Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Churchyard,* as a Citizen does upon the *Change;* the whole Parish-Politicks being generally discuss'd in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

My Friend Sir Roger being a good Churchman, has beautified the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own chusing: He has likewise given a handsome Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate he found his Parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common-prayer Book: and at the same Time employed an itinerant Singing-Master, who goes about the Country for that Purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no Body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by Chance he has been surprized into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

I was yesterday very much surprized to hear my old Friend, in the Midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that, the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character, make his friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

As soon as the Sermon is finished, no Body presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side; and every now and then enquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do whom he does not see at Church; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechizingday, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother.

Religious teaching arranged in the form of questions answered

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi .

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Sir Roger has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church-Service, has promised upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

The fair Understanding between Sir Roger and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers; while the Parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

Feuds of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are so used to be dazled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a

Ganesh Varhi Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several Men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it.

A BEAU'S HEAD

SPECTATOR, No. 275. Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1712

——Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile——
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 300.

A head, no hellebore can cure.

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of a human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries which he had also made on the same subject by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, in so much, that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billets-doux, love-letters, pricked dances and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of

Ganesh Varhi Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call galimatias, and the English, nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissection, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinocerous.

We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the musculi amatorii, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which seem to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five-and-thirty years: during which time he ate and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head, with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quick-silver.

He applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

FANS

Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.
PHÆDR. *Fab.* xiv. 3.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

I DO not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but, as it is, I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Discharge your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

"But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

"The next motion is that of Unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures that display themselves to view—whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

"Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sets fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise: but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of a room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

"When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to Ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

"When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

room for some time; when, on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations, upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

"The Fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the master-piece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mis-spend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

"There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Narta, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observation compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled, The Passions of the Fan; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your presence.

I am, &c.

"P.S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

"N.B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense."

ON CHEERFULNESS

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Delli.

HOR. *Od.* II. iii. 1.

Be calm, my Dellius, and serene,
However fortune change the scene,
In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight;
Nor yet, when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in
Let a fierce, unruly joy
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy. ANON.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of Mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the Sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Narla, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging; but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerful-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

ness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many decrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of; and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Narla, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneasy to themselves should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will still be receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Narta, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.

THE VISION OF MIRZAH

Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam. VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 604

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me.—Among others I met with one entitled, The Visions of Mirzah, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows :

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely', said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirzah', said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it—'Cast thy eyes east-ward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.'—'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.'—'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.'—'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?'—'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.'—'Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.'—'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.'—'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches: but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.'—'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it: and, upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards heaven in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with pestles, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.'—'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats: but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands; which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. 'At length,' said I, 'show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.''

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

[1728—1774]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the most eccentric of an eccentric family, was born in 1728 at Pallas, in Ireland, where his father was a Protestant clergyman. In early life he gained a reputation for wildness and

stupidity, but somehow he managed to get his degree from Trinity College, Dublin. Then he had to face the problem of making a living, but his idleness and incapacity rendered him unfit for any serious

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

work. His friends, however, prevailed upon him to study medicine at Edinburgh, where again he wasted his time and lived a Bohemian life. Thence he proceeded to Leyden, in Germany ostensibly to continue study of medicine, but his habits did not allow him to apply seriously to work. He started on a tour of the continent as strolling player with his flute with one shirt on his back and only one guinea in his pocket. Probably he begged on his way in the countries he visited. At last he returned to England penniless and without any definite places to make a living.

In London he became a hack writer and thus drifted into literature. In the intervals of drudgery he managed to produce the two famous poems. The *Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* and also two comedies—*The Good-Natured Man* and *She stoops to Conquer*. These works bore the true stamp of his genius and the charm of his personality and style. But his most popular work is the novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the publication of which was due to Dr. Johnson's efforts. He also wrote a number of delightful essays in the form of letters supposed to have been written by a Chinese traveller in England and published them under the title of *The Citizen of the World*.

A striking feature of Goldsmith's essays is the strong personal element in all of them. Their charm lies in the charm of the man himself. A large portion of his work springs from his personal experiences and personalities familiarly known to himself. *The Man in Black* gives us a picture of the author by his own pen, and *A City-Night Piece* reveals Goldsmith's innate sympathy for the poor people, while Beau Tibbs gives us an idea of his characteristic genial humour.

His style is always clear and simple and is decidedly more natural and graceful than the style of Addison or Steele.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Goldsmith was fortunate in counting among his friends some of the most distinguished personages of his time. Dr. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds the famous painter, Garrick, the famous actor were all his friends. He was capricious, vain and improvident but had a heart full of tenderest affection. His struggles continued to the end of his life, and when he died in 1774 he was still deeply in debt. But as a man of letters he really deserves Dr. Johnson's praise—"a gentle master who left scarcely any kind of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn."

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE

The clock just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks into the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred persons.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me; where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities as great as this have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

"Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction."

How few appear in those streets which but

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, to debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures! and world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.—Adieu.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE

THE English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty, which I now find has its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flattery and you conciliate their friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life without shrinking; danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity: but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death; he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure, and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love the king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from Heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies; and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty even in the mouth of the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter, who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehension is for our freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us. It is not to

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer." "Ay, slaves," cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery let this be my poison" (and he held the goblet in his hand), "may this be my poison; but I would sooner list for a soldier."

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend with much awe, fervently cried out, "It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames" (such was the solemnity of his adjuration) "if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician; even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

This universal passion for politics is gratified by daily gazettes, as with us in China. But as in ours the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to instruct the administration. You must not, however, imagine that they

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of a state; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English, in general, seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with. This gives a formality to their amusements: their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation; though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity which give instant though not permanent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness—you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours: their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger, but

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking, a few days ago, between an English and a French man, into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared; but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed to me a perfect inundation. The Englishman, seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus: "Psha, man, what dost shrink at? Here, take this coat; I don't want it; I find it no way useful to me; I had as lief be without it." The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. "My dear friend," cries he, "why don't you oblige me by making use of my coat? you see how well it defends me from the rain; I should not choose to part with it to others, but to such a friend as you I could even part with my skin to do him service."

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge; and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection.—Farewell.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

BEAU TIBBS

THE people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pekin of riding: one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes, and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the Man in Black, to be one of a party that was to sup there; and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend, in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat, which was formerly new, and a gray wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawn-broker's widow, of whom, by the by, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described; together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water, and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon;

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

which being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that consequently we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames Street and Crooked Lane: with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess, that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees—the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night—the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art—the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction—and the tables spread with various delicacies—all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. "Head of Confusius," cried I to my friend, "this is fine! this united rural beauty with courtly magnificence! if we except the virgins of immortality, that hang on every tree, I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's Paradise!" "As for that,"

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Nana, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

cries my friend, "if ladies, as plenty as apples in autumn, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for Paradise."

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing place to see the waterworks, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at farthest; a dispute therefore began, and as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper; which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented; but here a new distress arose: Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box—a box where they might see and be seen—one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view; but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought everything detestable. "Come, come, my dear," cried the husband, by way of consolation, "to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have it Lord Crump's or Lady Crimp's; but, for Vauxhall dressing, it is pretty good: it is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their wine; their wine," cries he, drinking off a glass, "indeed, is most abominable."

By this last contradiction the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste; her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine; she

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Nana, Varanasi

CC0:In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

was therefore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased; but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction: she ventured again to commend one of the singers, but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial—"For you know very well, my dear," says she, "that I am not in voice to-day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music". All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last, then, the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice, and such affection, as I could perceive gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and while the song continues, they are to remain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this mortifying situation we had continued for some time, listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us, that the waterworks were going to begin. At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but, correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the waterworks an hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good breeding and curiosity: she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after. Mrs. Tibbs, therefore, kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the waterworks were over.

"The waterworks over!" cried the widow; "the water-works over already! that 's impossible! they can't be over so soon!" "It is not my business," replied the fellow, "to contradict your ladyship; I'll run again and see." He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress. She testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns.—Adieu.

THE MAN IN BLACK

THOUGH fond of my acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence: though his conversation be

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences; let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black: I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

rail against beggars with as much animosity as before: he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should adopt to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but, not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain".

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase: he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressing than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her: but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

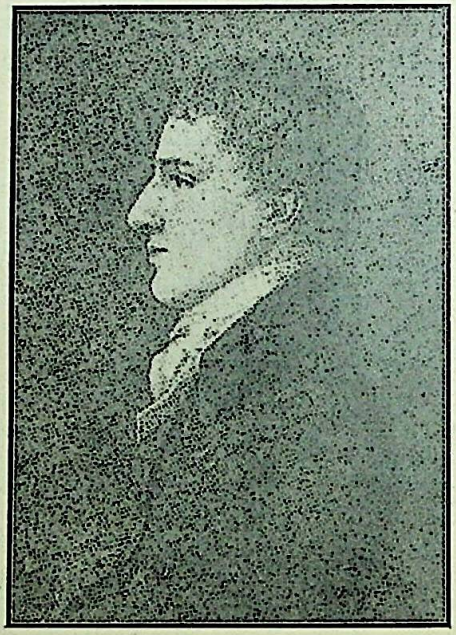
Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

CHARLES LAMB

[1775—1834]

Charles Lamb was the son of a clerk to one of the Benchers, and was born in 1775 in the Temple where he passed the first seven years of his life. After attending one or two schools he entered



Christ's Hospital, a school where some of his great friends also received education. He remained there for seven years and formed a lasting friendship with Coleridge. He was too poor to proceed to an university. His school education being over he

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

obtained a clerical job in the South Sea House, and was later transferred to the East India House, where he served till 1825. Desk work for him was a drudgery but he bore his lot cheerfully. In his family there was a trace of insanity and at one time he himself suffered from mental disease. But the great tragedy of his life was the recurrent insanity of his dear sister, Mary, who in one of her fits killed her mother with a table knife. With a rare devotion Charles made the care of her afflicted sister the principal concern of his life and for that very reason remained single all his life. Lamb never complained of his lot but showed heroic fortitude in renouncing all personal interests and devoting himself entirely to his sister. The Society of friends and love of books were the only consolations Lamb had in his trials. In 1825 he was pensioned off by the India Company, and after nine years he died at Edmonton.

As a literary craftsman Lamb tried his hand at more than one form of literature. He wrote poems, tragedy and romance. The *Tales from Shakespeare* the first production of Mary and himself are children's classic and are deservedly popular among young folk. But it was in the essay and in the essay alone that Lamb found his true field, and secured an abiding place for himself in English literature.

In 1820 Lamb began to write for the *London Magazine* under the name of Elia. The greatest glory of this magazine is that it found out Lamb, a prince among essayists, and gave his writings to the admiring world. He was a man of incomparable sweetness of disposition and possessed the unique gift of communicating it to his writings. No other essayist has shown in an equal degree the power to charm the reader. He shows a natural affinity to the seventeenth-century writers and seems always evading the present and mocking the future. It is only the faded past that attracts him and he likes to revive its

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

glories in a quaint fantastic manner. He is constantly autobiographical and everywhere he takes the reader into his confidence. Of no one is the saying that the style is the man more true than of Lamb. There is no humorist more original than him. He cannot even laugh at people without presently putting himself in their place. The *Convalescent* is a masterpiece which may be compared with the best essays of Steele and Addison; *Dream Children* is typical of Lamb's whimsical pathos and of the extreme delicacy of his touch; and *All Fool's Day* depicts him in his most fantastic mood, toying with his subject, and wresting from it innumerable pleasantries.

For this great Londoner the streets of the metropolis were a fairy land. He revelled in the description of its familiar localities. His essays preclude the possibility of imitation as their peculiar flavour or aroma is so elusive. The power of fully appreciating the delicacy of Lamb's work is the surest indication of a highly refined literary taste.

THE CONVALESCENT

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw daylight curtains about him; and, shutting out

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples!

He changes sides oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his Mare Clausum.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hears not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of a lawsuit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yester-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

day. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand that things went cross-grained in the court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend", and the word "ruin", disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on the strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathizer; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call; and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin douceur so carefully, for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

not distinctly what it is. He is not to know anything, not to think of anything. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him; he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking "Who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchal prerogatives. Compare the silent tread and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick-room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bed-room! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning of it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to floundet it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was an historical record of some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he, too, changed with everything else? Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of everything but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting himself into a high meditating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alonely fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—

..What a speck is he dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra-firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. In Articulo Mortis, thought I; but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike; to its laws, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a span, and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant Essayist.

ALL FOOLS' DAY

THE compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you and *you,* Sir,—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the *general festival,* should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wiseacre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum,* Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man! we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens[1]—*duc ad me—duc ad me*—how goes it?

Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he.

Now would I give a trifle to know, historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

Remove your cap a little further, if you please: it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part,

The crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

Good master Empedocles,[2] you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Ætna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

Ha, Cleombrotus![3] and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder. I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.[4]

---

[1] *As You Like It*, ii. 5.

[2] This portion of the essay was apparently suggested by Milton's account of the Paradise of Fools, *P. L.* iii. 471.

[3] A native of Ambracia, who flung himself into the sea after reading Plato on Immortality.

[4] Calenture is a tropical fever which sometimes produces in sailors an hallucination that causes them to leap overboard.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Gebir,[1] my old freemason, and prince of plasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises,[2] or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell-rope you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their luncheon on the low grounds of Shinar. Or did you send up your garlic and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish Street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams[3]—'odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read to us that sermon, which you let to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it

---

1 Jabir ibn Haijan, an Arabian alchemist of the eighth century. Landor in his poem *Gebir*, following the example of Clara Reeve's *Progress of Romance*, makes Gebir a character of ancient Egyptian history, and adds the fact that he was punished by heaven for his attempt to build a city. Hence Lamb's association of Gebir with Babel.

2 A toise=6·395 English feet.

3 Parson Adams and Mrs. Slipslop are characters in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*. The former suggested the Vicar of Wakefield.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of day.

Good Master Raymund Lully,[1] you look wise. Pray correct that error.

Duns[2] spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen,[3] you are late.—Ha, Cokes, it is you!—Aguecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you.—Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.—Master Silence, I will use few words with you.—Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere. You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day.—I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R—,[4] my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not over-new, threadbare as thy stories;—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?—Thy customers are extinct, defunct, bed-rid, have ceased to read long ago.—Thou goest still

---

1 The "enlightened doctor" (1234-1315), noted for the vanity with which he propounded his fantastic logical doctrines.

2 Johannes Duns Scotus, Doctor Subtilis (d. 1308), the philosophical opponent of Aquinas.

3 Stephen is a character in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Cokes in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night*, and Shallow and Silence in *2 K. Henry IV*.

4 Ramsay, Keeper of the London Library.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two.—Good Grancille S—,[1] thy last patron is flown.

> King Pandion, he is dead,
> All thy friends are lapt in lead.[2]

Nevertheless, noble R—, come in, and take your seat here between Armoda[3] and Quisada; for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath,[4] which declares that he might be *happy with either,* situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorious-equal damsels.

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its

---

1 Sharp, a well-known abolitionist (1735-1813).

2 By Rich. Barnfield.

3 A Spaniard in *Love's Labour's Lost.* Quisada is another form of Don Quixote.

4 The highwayman in Gay's *Beggar's Opera.*

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

appropriate day, for I fear the second of April is not many hours' distant—in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool*—as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those Parables—not guessing at the involved wisdom—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour: I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre,* for those five thoughtless virgins.—I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted, or a friendship that answered with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of reason ratifies. And take my word for this, reader ,and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed that "the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

foolisher the fowl or fish—woodcocks,—dotterels—cods' heads, &c., the finer the flesh thereof", and what are commonly the world's received fools but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool*.

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed". And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory ,because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grand-mother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer —here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement ,till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said, "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about on the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden ,with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in those busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the pre-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

sent as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren; yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——,[1] because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make him carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after-life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed, and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there

[1] Elia's brother, who died in 1821, the year before the publication of this essay in the *London Magazine*.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty ,and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum[1] father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L——(or James Elia) was gone for ever.

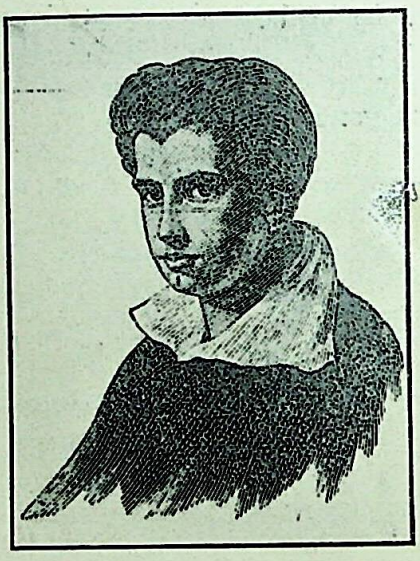
Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

LEIGH HUNT

[1784—1859]

James Henry Leigh Hunt was born on October 19, 1784, at Southgate in Middlesex. He received his early education at the famous Christ's Hospital which is associated with the names of Charles Lamb and Coleridge.



Leigh Hunt began his life as a journalist and miscellaneous writer and contributed articles to various journals and periodicals. He wrote poetry and his best work in verse is to be sought in shorter pieces like *Abou Ben Adhem* and *The Panther*. His genius was too volatile for sustained work and he often lapses into triviality and mere prettiness.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

He achieved greater success as a prose writer. A journalist by taste and necessity, he edited many periodicals and wrote continually from day to day for papers and magazines. In 1808 he started a journal called the *Examiner* which he conducted for many years. Political matters also attracted him and once for attacking the conduct of the Prince Regent he was imprisoned for two years. Many of his separately published volumes, *Table Talk, Imagination and Fancy, Wit and Humour* are only journalism in another form. He cannot be placed in the first rank of English essayists. In all his work there is a lack of virility, and he had no special endowment of pathos or humour. When it is said that he could write commonplace gracefully, his merits and defects are summarised. His essays bear nowhere the impress of a strong personality, they contain no fresh creations. Yet he showed admirable skill in writing on familiar subjects, and he wielded a simple style that on rare occasions became even eloquent. The essays *On Sleep* and *On the Deaths of Little Children* are his finest pieces of word-painting.

Leigh Hunt's essays are purely miscellaneous, depending for their subject and treatment on the suggestion of the moment. "Often slight in theme and careless in style, and generally discursive, garrulous, egoistical, they owe their charm to the pervasive nature of the writers sunny nature, his quaint wit and fancy, his tenderness, and his love for all pretty and pleasant things. They make good reading for the idle hour, when the intellectual muscles need relaxation, and the literary perfume which they exhale is not the less delightful for being that of an old world."

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

An Italian author—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the housetops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their will is never pulled aside by the enticing arms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, etc., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold,—from fire to ice. They are 'haled' out of their 'beds,' says Milton, by 'harpy-footed furies,'—fellows who came to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster, as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. 'It is very cold this morning, is it not?'—'Very cold, Sir,'—'Very cold indeed, isn't it?'—'Very cold indeed, Sir.'—'More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?' (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) 'Why, Sir . . . I think it *is*.' (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) 'I must rise, however—get me some warm water.'—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of 'no use' to get up. The hot water comes. 'Is it quite hot?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?'—'No, Sir; It will just do.' (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) 'Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt; —linen gets very damp this weather.'—'Yes, Sir.' Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. 'Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too.'—'Very well, Sir.'—Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the by, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed).—No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against the degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michæl Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bedridden Hassan.—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudice of his time.—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

> Sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

only shows, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his *Seasons*:

> Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?... ... .

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, 'What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?' but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious lier in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

WALKS HOME BY NIGHT

THE readers of these our lucubrations need not be informed that we keep no carriage. The consequence is, that being visitors of the theatre, and having some inconsiderate friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one in the morning, we are great walkers home by night; and this has made us great acquaintances of watchmen, moonlight, *mud*-light, and other accompaniments of that interesting hour. Luckily we are fond of a walk by night. It does not always do us good; but that is not the fault of the hour, but our own, who ought to be stouter; and therefore we extract what good we can out of our necessity, with becoming temper. It is a remarkable thing in Nature, and one of the good-naturedest things we know of her, that the mere fact of looking about us, and being conscious of what is going on, is its own reward, if we do but notice it in good-humour. Nature is a great painter (and art and society are among her works), to whose minutest touches the mere fact of becoming alive is to enrich the stock of our enjoyments.

We confess there are points liable to cavil in a walk home by night in February. Old

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

umbrellas have their weak sides; and the quantity of mud and rain may surmount the picturesque. Mistaking a soft piece of mud for hard, and so filling your shoe with it, especially at setting out, must be acknowledged to be 'aggravating.' But then you ought to have boots. There are sights, indeed, in the streets of London, which can be rendered pleasant by no philosophy; things too grave to be talked about in our present paper; but we must premise, that our walk leads us out of town, and through streets and suburbs of by no means the worst description. Even there we may be grieved if we will. The farther the walk into the country, the more tiresome we may choose to find it; and when we take it purely to oblige others, we must allow, as in the case of a friend of ours, that generosity itself on two sick legs may find limits to the notion of virtue being its own reward, and reasonably 'curse those comfortable people' who, by the lights in their windows, are getting into their warm beds, and saying to one another, 'Bad thing to be out of doors to-night.'

Supposing, then, that we are in a reasonable state of health and comfort in other respects, we say that a walk home at night has its merits, if you choose to meet with them. The worst part of it is the setting out; the closing of the door upon the kind faces that part with you. But their words and looks, on the other hand, may set you well off.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

We have known a word last us all the way home, and a look make a dream of it. To a lover, for instance, no walk can be bad. He sees but one face in the rain and darkness; the same that he saw by the light in the warm room. This ever accompanies him, looking in his eyes; and if the most pitiable and spoilt face in the world should come between them, startling him with the saddest mockery of love, he would treat it kindly for her sake. But this is a begging of the question. A lover does not walk. He is sensible neither to the pleasures nor pains of walking. He treads on air; and in the thick of all that seems inclement has an avenue of light and velvet spread for him, like a sovereign prince.

To resume, then, like men of this world. The advantage of a late hour is, that everything is silent and the people fast in their beds. This gives the whole world a tranquil appearance. Inanimate objects are no calmer than passions and cares now seem to be, all laid asleep. The human being is motionless as the house or the tree; sorrow is suspended; and you endeavour to think that love only is awake. Let not readers of true delicacy be alarmed, for we mean to touch profanely upon nothing that ought to be sacred; and as we are for thinking the best on these occasions, it is of the best love we think; love of no heartless order, and such only as ought to be awake with the stars.

As to cares and curtain-lectures, and such-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

like abuses of the tranquillity of night, we call to mind, for their sakes, all the sayings of the poets and others about 'balmy sleep,' and the soothing of hurt minds, and the weariness of sorrow, which drops into forgetfulness. The great majority are certainly 'fast as a church' by the time we speak of; and for the rest, we are among the workers who have been sleepless for their advantage; so we take out our licence to forget them for the time being. The only thing that shall remind us of them is the red lamp, shining afar over the apothecary's door; which, while it does so, reminds us also that there is help for them to be had. I see him now, the pale blinker suppressing the conscious injustice of his anger at being roused by the apprentice, and fumbling himself out of the house, in hoarseness and greatcoat, resolved to make the sweetness of the Christmas bill indemnify him for the bitterness of the moment.

But we shall be getting too much into the interior of the houses. By this time the hackney-coaches have all left the stands—a good symptom of their having got their day's money. Crickets are heard, here and there, amidst the embers of some kitchen. A dog follows us. Will nothing make him 'go along?' We dodge him in vain; we run; we stand and 'hish! at him, accompanying the prohibition with dehortatory gestures, and an imaginary picking up of a stone. We turn again, and there he is vexing our skirts. He

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

even forces us into an angry doubt whether he will not starve, if we do not let him go home with us. Now if we could but lame him without being cruel; or if we were only an overseer, or a beadle, or a dealer in dog-skin; or a political economist, to think dogs unnecessary. Oh! come, he has turned a corner, he has gone; we think we see him trotting of at a distance, thin and muddy, and our heart misgives us. But it was not our fault; we were not 'hishing' at the time. His departure was lucky, for he had got our enjoyments into a dilemma; our 'article' would not have known what to do with him. These are the perplexities to which you sympathizers are liable. We resume our way, independent and alone; for we have no companion this time, except our never-to-be-forgotten and ethereal companion, the reader. A real arm within another's puts us out of the pale of walking that is to be made good. It is good already. A fellow-pedestrian is company—is the party you have left; you talk and laugh, and there is no longer anything to be contended with. But alone, and in bad weather, and with a long way to go, here is something for the temper and spirits to grapple with and turn to account; and accordingly we are booted and buttoned up, an umbrella over our heads, the rain pelting upon it, and the lamp-light shining in the gutters; 'mud-shine,' as an artist of our acquaintance used to call it, with a gusto of reprobation. Now, walk cannot

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

well be worse; and yet it shall be nothing if you meet it heartily. There is a pleasure in overcoming obstacles; mere action is something; imagination is more; and the spinning of the blood, and vivacity of the mental endeavour, act well upon one another and, gradually put you in a state of robust consciousness and triumph. Every time you set down your leg you have a respect for it. The umbrella is held in the hand like a roaring trophy.

We are now reaching the country: the fog and rain are over; and we meet our old friends the watchmen, staid, heavy, indifferent, more coat than man, pondering, yet not pondering, old but not reverend, immensely useless. No; useless they are not; for the inmates of the houses think them otherwise, and in that imagination they do good. We do not pity the watchmen as we used. Old age often cares little for regular sleep. They could not be sleeping perhaps if they were in their beds; and certainly they would not be earning. What sleep they get is perhaps sweeter in the watch-box,—a forbidden sweet; and they have a sense of importance, and a claim on the persons indoors, which, together with the amplitude of their coating, and the possession of the box itself, make them feel themselves, not without reason, to be 'somebody.' They are peculiar and official. Tomkins is a cobbler as well as they; but then he is no watchman. He can

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

not speak to 'things of night'; nor bid 'any man stand in the king's name.' He does not get fees and gratitude from the old, the infirm, and the drunken; nor 'let gentlemen go'; nor is he 'a parishman.' The churchwardens don't speak to him. If he put himself ever so much in the way of 'the great plumber,' he would not say, 'How do you find yourself, Tomkins?'—'An ancient and quiet watchman.' Such he was in the time of Shakespeare, and such he is now. Ancient, because he cannot help it; and quiet, because he will not help it, if possible; his object being to procure quiet on all sides, his own included. For this reason he does not make too much noise in crying the hour, nor is offensively particular in his articulation. No man shall sleep the worse for him, out of a horrid sense of the word 'three.' The sound shall be three, four, or one, as suits their mutual convenience.

Yet characters are to be found even among watchmen. They are not all mere coat, and lump, and indifference. By the way, what do they think of in general? How do they vary the monotony of their ruminations from one to two, and from two to three, and so on? Are they comparing themselves with the unofficial cobbler; thinking of what they shall have for dinner to-morrow; or what they were about six years ago; or that their lot is the hardest in the world, as insipid old people are apt to think, for the pleasure of grumbling; or that it has some advantages nevertheless, besides

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

fees; and that if they are not in bed, their wife is?

Of characters, or rather varieties among watchmen, we remember several. One was a Dandy Watchman, who used to ply at the top of Oxford Street, next the park. We called him the dandy, on account of his utterance. He had a mincing way with it, pronouncing the *a* in the word 'past' as it is in *hat*, making a little preparatory hem before he spoke, and then bringing out his 'past ten' in a style of genteel indifference; as if, upon the whole, he was of that opinion.

Another was the Metallic Watchman, who paced the same street towards Hanover Square, and had a clang in his voice like a trumpet. He was a voice and nothing else; but any difference is something in a watchman.

A third, who cried the hour in Bedford Square, was remarkable in his calling for being abrupt and loud. There was a fashion among his tribe just come up at that time, of omitting the words 'past' and 'o'clock,' and crying only the number of the hour. I know not whether a recollection I have of his performance one night is entire matter of fact, or whether any subsequent fancies of what might have taken place are mixed up with it; but my impression is, that as I was turning the corner into the square with a friend, and was in the midst of a discussion in which numbers were concerned, we were suddenly

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

startled, as if in solution of it, by a brief and tremendous outcry of—ONE. This paragraph ought to have been at the bottom of the page, and the word printed abruptly round the corner.

A fourth watchman was a very singular phenomenon, a *Reading* Watchman. He had a book, which he read by the light of his lantern; and instead of a pleasant, gave you a very uncomfortable idea of him. It seemed cruel to pitch amidst so many discomforts and privations one who had imagination enough to wish to be relieved from them. Nothing but a sluggish vacuity befits a watchman.

But the oddest of all was the *Sliding* Watchman. Think of walking up a street in the depth of a frosty winter, with long ice in the gutters, and sleet over head, and then figure to yourself a sort of bale of a man in white coming sliding towards you with a lantern in one hand, and an umbrella over his head. It was the oddest mixture of luxury and hardship, of juvenility and old age! But this looked agreeable. Animal spirits carry everything before them; and our invincible friend seemed a watchman for Rabelais. Time was run at and butted by him like a goat. The slide seemed to bear him half through the night at once; he slipped from out of his box and his common-places at one rush of a merry thought, and seemed to say, 'Everything's in imagination;—here goes the whole weight of my office.'

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

But we approach our home. How still the trees! How deliciously asleep the country! How beautifully grim and nocturnal this wooded avenue of ascent against the cold white sky! The watchmen and patrols, which the careful citizens have planted in abundance within a mile of their doors, salute us with their 'Good mornings';—not so welcome as we pretend; for we ought not to be out so late; and it is one of the assumptions of these fatherly old fellows to remind us of it. Some fowls, who have made a strange roost in a tree, flutter as we pass them;—another pull up the hill, unyielding; a few strides on a level; and *there* is the light in the window, the eye of the warm soul of the house—one's home. How particular, and yet how universal, is that word; and how surely does it deposit every one for himself in his own nest!

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP

This is an article for the reader to think of when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

"Blessings," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one, the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—'tis closing;—'tis more closing;—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes; for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes, however, excusable, especially to a watchful or overworked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of "t' other doze", the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day few people think

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

of sleeping except after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep than sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old ,or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn; and it should be well understood before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber from an argument; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing, is not so well; much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruit-plate or your host's face; or of waking up, and saying "Just so" to the bark of a dog; or "Yes, madam," to the black at your elbow.

Care-worn people, however, might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament; though in the *most* excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noonday, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as unclosable as a statute's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day is in summer-time, out in a field. There is, perhaps, no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth and heaven and a placid humanity seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumbering and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, but at a long interval, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed is the one which a tired person takes before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting-room. The consciousness of being very sleepy, and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair; but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, or throwing his legs up at once on

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

another chair, and half reclining. It is curious, however, to find how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed the charm sometimes vanishes; perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber; for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy lounger will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add anything to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures: so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together;—what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly even in his tricks, and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobetor, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the sea-shore. There is a good description of it in Ovid;[1] but in those abstracted tasks of poetry the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago, in the first book of the *Faerie Queene* (Canto I. st. 39), sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream:

"He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is. There Tethys his wed bed
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

1 *Metam.* xi. 586.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

"And more to lull him in his slumber soft
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the soune
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoune.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence, far from enimyes."

Chaucer[1] has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his *Dream*. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into the body" of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

"This messenger tooke leave, and went
Upon his way; and never he stent
Till he came to the dark valley,
That stant betweene rockes twey.
There never yet grew corne, ne gras.
Ne tree, ne nought, that aught was.
Beast, ne man, ne naught else;
Save that there were a few wells
Came running fro the cliffs adowne,
That made a deadly sleeping soune,
And runnen downe right by a cave,
That was under a rocky grave,

Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.
There these goddis lay asleepe,
Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
That was the god of Sleepis heire,
That slept and did none other worke."

1 *Book of the Duchess*, 153 *et seq.*

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Where the credentials of this new son and heir, Eclympasteire,[1] are to be found, we know not; but he acts very much, it must be allowed, like an heir-presumptive, in sleeping and doing "none other work."

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poets; they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the *Philoctetes*[2] of Sophocles, admirable for its contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes; and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*,[3] the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music:

> "Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
> Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
> On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
> In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
> Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,
> And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
> Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
> Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
> Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,
> And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride."

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply

---

1 The derivation is disputed. The name, according to Ten Brink, is of Chaucer's own invention. Prof. Skeat derives it from *Icelon plastera*—the semblance moulder.

2 Lines 827 *seqq*. 3 Act v. Sc. ii.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant, soundest in one who has been tired in the open air, completest to the seaman after a hard voyage, most welcome to the mind haunted with one idea, most touching to look at in the parent that has wept, lightest in the playful child, proudest in the bride adored.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

SIR ARTHUR HELPS

[1813—1875]

Arthur Helps was the youngest son of Thomas Helps, merchant, and was born on the 10th July 1813. He was educated at Eton and then at Trinity College, Cambridge. For sometime he was the Private Secretary to Lord Monteagle and then to Lord Morpeth, and was subsequently appointed clerk of the Privy Council. Three years before his death in 1875, he received the title of K.C.B. in recognition of his services to literature and the Government.

Helps was a miscellaneous writer. He is described as poet, novelist and essayist, and his works are many. Of them all *Friends in Council, Companions of my Solitude* and *Essays written in the Intervals of Business* are the most popular.

Helps was essentially a social reformer who employed his literary talents to plead for the elevation of the poor and helpless classes of the nation. Benevolent by nature, he believed that man had infinite capacity for improving himself and his fellow-beings. His generosity extended even to dumb creatures and he successfully appealed for a better treatment and comfort of cattle. His practical benevolence won for him the friendship of Queen Victoria, whose diary he edited. His observations are the product of experience and are recorded with a view to giving practical teachings. The essays are remarkable for their lofty tone of morality and their practical spirit and shrewdness of observation. Often they are enlivened with touches of humour or gentle sarcasm. 'Simplicity and straightforwardness, sweetness of tone and a certain plain and natural grace mark his composition, and even the most painful and well-nigh

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

hopeless subjects are treated with a calm composure and cultured refinement that is the sign not of carelessness, but of quiet faith in the strength of right and of certain hope in its final triumph.'

Helps may be lacking in depth and originality but the popularity of his writings is unquestioned and it is probably due to the fact that they expressed sensibly, and with mild literary ability, sentiments held to be improving.

ON OUR JUDGMENTS OF OTHER MEN

In forming these lightly, we wrong ourselves, and those whom we judge. In scattering such things abroad we endow our unjust thoughts with a life which we cannot take away, and become false witnesses to pervert the judgments of the world in general. Who does not feel that to describe with fidelity the least portion of the entangled nature that is within him would be no easy matter? And yet the same man who feels this, and who, perhaps, would be ashamed of talking at hazard about the properties of a flower, of a weed, of some figure in geometry, will put forth his guesses about the character of his brother-man, as if he had the fullest authority for all that he was saying.

But perhaps we are not wont to make such rash remarks ourselves: we are only pleased to receive them with the most obliging credence from the lips of any person we may chance to meet with. Such credulity is any-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

thing but blameless. We cannot think too seriously of the danger of taking upon trust these off-hand sayings, and of the positive guilt of uttering them as if they were our own, or had been assayed by our observation. How much we should be ashamed if we knew the slight grounds of some of those uncharitable judgments to which we lend the influence of our name by repeating them! And even if we repeat such things only as we have good reason to believe in, we should still be in no hurry to put them forward, especially if they are sentences of condemnation. There is a maxim of this kind which Thomas a Kempis, in his chapter 'de prudentiâ in agendis,' has given with all the force of expression that it merits. 'Ad hanc etiam pertinet, non quibuslibet hominum verbis credere; *nec audita vel credita, mox ad aliorum aures effundere.*'

There are certain things quite upon the surface of a man's character: there are certain obvious facts in any man's conduct: and there are persons who, being very much before the world, offer plenty of materials for judging about them. Such circumstances as these may fairly induce you to place credence in a general opinion, which, however, you have no means of verifying in any way for yourself: but in no case should you suffer yourself to be carried away at once by the current sayings about men's characters and conduct. If you do, you are helping to form a mob. Consider what these sayings are: how seldom they

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

embody the character discussed; or go far to exhaust the question, if it is one of conduct. It is well if they describe a part with faithfulness, or give indications from which a shrewd and impartial thinker may deduce some true conclusions. Again, these sayings may be true in themselves, but the prominence given to them may lead to very false impressions. Besides, how many of them must be formed upon the opinion of a few persons, and those, perhaps, forward thinkers.

You feel that you yourself would be liable to make mistakes of all kinds if you had to form an independent judgment in the matter: do not too readily suppose that the general opinions you hear are free from such mistakes merely because they are made, or appear to you to be made, by a great many people.

If we come to analyse the various opinions we hear of men's character and conduct, there must be many which are formed wrongly, though sincerely, either from imperfect information, or erroneous reasoning. There will be others which are the simple result of the prejudices and passions of the persons judging, of their humours, and sometimes even of their ingenuity. There will be others grounded on total misrepresentations which arise from imperfect hearing, or from some entire mistake, or from a report being made by a person who understood so little of the matter that it was not possible for him to convey, with anything like accuracy, what he

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

heard about it. Then there are the careless things which are said in general conversation, but which often have as much apparent weight as if they had been well considered. Sometimes these various causes are combined; and the result is, that an opinion of some man's character and conduct gets abroad which is formed after a wrong method, by prejudiced persons, upon a false statement of facts, respecting a matter which they cannot possibly understand; and this is then left to be inflated by Folly, and blown about by Idleness.

There is an excellent passage in Wollaston's *Religion of Nature* upon this subject, where he says, 'The good or bad repute of men depends in a great measure upon mean people, who carry their stories from family to family, and propagate them very fast: like little insects, which lay apace, and the less the faster. There are few, very few, who have the opportunity and the will and *the ability to represent things truly*. Beside the matters of fact themselves, there are many circumstances which, before sentence is passed, ought to be known and weighed, and yet scarce ever can be known, but to the person himself who is concerned. He may have other views, and another sense of things, than his judges have: and what he understands, what he feels, what he intends, may be a secret confined to his own breast. Or perhaps the censurer, notwithstanding this kind of men talk as if they were infallible, may be mistaken himself in

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

his opinion, and judge that to be wrong which in truth is right.'

Few people have imagination enough to enter into the delusions of others, or indeed to look at the actions of any other person with any prejudices but their own. Perhaps, however, it would be nearer the truth to say that few people are in the habit of employing their imagination in the service of charity. Most persons require its magic aid to gild their castles in the air; to conduct them along those fancied triumphal processions in which they themselves play so conspicuous a part; to conquer enemies for them without battles; and to make them virtuous without effort. This is what they want their imagination for: they cannot spare it for any little errand of charity. And sometimes when men do think charitably, they are afraid to speak out, for fear of being considered stupid or credulous.

We have been considering the danger of adopting current sayings about men's character and conduct: but suppose we consider, in detail, the difficulty of forming an original opinion on these matters; especially if we have not a personal knowledge of the men of whom we speak. In the first place, we seldom know with sufficient exactness the facts upon which we judge; and a little thing may make a great difference when we come to investigate motives. But the report of a transaction sometimes represents the real facts no better than the laboured variation does the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

simple air; which, amidst so many shakes and flourishes, might not be recognised even by the person who composed it. Then, again, how can we ensure that we rightly interpret those actions which we exactly know? Perhaps one of the first motives that we look for is self-interest, when we want to explain an action: but we have scarcely ever such a knowledge of the nature and fortunes of another, as to be able to decide what is his interest, much less what it may appear to him to be; besides, a man's fancies, his envy, his wilfulness, every day interfere with, and override his interests. He will know this himself, and will often try to conceal it by inventing motives of self-interest to account for his doing what he has a mind to do.

It is well to be thoroughly impressed with a sense of the difficulty of judging about others; still, judge we must, and sometimes very hastily; the purposes of life require it. We have, however, more and better materials, sometimes, than we are aware of: we must not imagine that they are always deep-seated and recondite: they often lie upon the surface. Indeed, the primary character of a man is especially discernible in trifles: for then he acts, as it were, almost unconsciously. It is upon the method of observing and testing these things, that a just knowledge of individual men in great measure depends. You may learn more of a person even by a little converse with him than by a faithful outline

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

of his history. The most important of his actions may be anything but the most significant of the man: for they are likely to be the results of many things besides his nature. To understand that, I doubt whether you might not learn more from a good portrait of him, than from two or three of the most prominent actions of his life. Indeed, if men did not express much of their nature in their manners, appearance, and general bearing, we should be at a sad loss to make up our minds how to deal with each other.

In judging of others, it is important to distinguish those parts of the character and intellect which are easily discernible from those which require much observation. In the intellect, we soon perceive whether a man has wit, acuteness, or logical power. It is not easy to discover whether he has judgment. And it requires some study of the man to ascertain whether he has practical wisdom; which, indeed, is a result of high moral, as well as intellectual, qualities.

In the moral nature, we soon detect selfishness, egotism, and exaggeration. Carelessness about truth is soon found out; you see it in a thousand little things. On the other hand, it is very difficult to come to a right conclusion about a man's temper, until you have seen a great deal of him. Of his tastes, some will lie on the surface, others not; for there is a certain reserve about most people in speaking of the things they like best. Again,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

it is always a hard matter to understand any man's feelings. Nations differ in their modes of expressing feelings, and how much more individual men!

There are certain cases in which we are peculiarly liable to err in our judgments of others. Thus, I think, we are all disposed to dislike in a manner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretension of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us; whereas, all the while, perhaps, they are only courting our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outwards: they offend our vanity; they rouse our fears; and under these influences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man, one who longs to be popular and to please.

Then there are characters of such a different kind from our own, that we are without the means of measuring and appreciating them. A man who has no humour, how difficult for him to understand one who has!

But of all the errors in judging of others, some of the worst are made in judging of those who are nearest to us. They think that we have entirely made up our minds about them, and are apt to show us that sort of behaviour only which they know we expect. Perhaps, too, they fear us, or they are convinced that we do not and cannot sympathize with them. And so we move about in a mist, and talk of phantoms as if they were living men, and

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

think that we understand those who never interchange any discourse with us but the talk of the market-place; or if they do, it is only as players who are playing a part set down in certain words, to be eked out with the stage gestures for each affection, who would deem themselves little else than mad if they were to say out to us anything of their own.

DOMESTIC RULE

TACITUS says of Agricola, that 'he governed his family, which many find to be a harder task than to govern a province.' And the worst of this difficulty is, that its existence is frequently unperceived, until it comes to be pressingly felt.

For, either a man thinks that he must needs understand those whom he sees daily, and also, perhaps, that it is no great matter whether he understands them or not, if he is resolved to do his duty by them: or he believes that in domestic rule there is much licence, and that each occasion is to be dealt with by some law made at the time, or after: or he imagines that any domestic matter which he may leave to-day omitted or ill-done can be repaired at his leisure, when the concerns of the outer world are not so pressing as they are at present.

But each day brings its own duties, and carries them along with it; and they are as

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after but none ever the same. And amongst all his duties, as there are none in which a man acts more by himself and can do more harm with less outcry from the world, so there are none requiring more forethought and watchfulness than those which arise from his domestic relations. Nor can there be a reasonable hope of his fulfilling those duties while he is ignorant of the feelings, however familiar he may be with the countenances, of those around him.

The extent and power of domestic rule are very great: but this is often overlooked by the persons who possess it; and they are rather apt to underrate the influence of their own authority. They can hardly imagine how strongly it is felt by others, unless they see it expressed in something outward. The effects of this mistake are often increased by another, which comes into operation when men are dealing with their inferiors in rank and education: in which case, they are rather apt to fancy that the natural sense of propriety, which would put the right limit to familiar intercourse, belongs only to the well-educated or the well-born. And from either of these causes, or both united, they are led, perhaps, to add to their authority by a harshness not their own rather than to impair it, as they fancy, by that degree of freedom which they must allow to those around them, if they would enter into their feelings, and under-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

stand their dispositions. Perhaps there are some persons who think that they can manage very well without this familiar intercourse: and certainly there is but little occasion for knowing much about the nature of those whom you intend only to restrain. Coercion, however, is but a small part of government.

We should always be most anxious to avoid provoking the rebel spirit of the will in those who are entrusted to our guidance: we should not attempt to tie them up to their duties, like galley-slaves to their labour. We should be very careful that, in our anxiety to get the outward part of an action performed to our mind, we do not destroy that germ of spontaneousness which could alone give any significance to the action. God has allowed free will to man, for the choice of good or evil; and is it likely that it is left to us to make our fellow-creatures virtuous by word of command? We may insist upon a routine of proprieties being performed with soldier-like precision; but there is no drilling of men's hearts.

It is a great thing to maintain the just limits of domestic authority, and to place it upon its right foundation. You cannot make reason conform to it. It may be fair to insist upon a certain thing being done, but not that others should agree with you in saying that it is the best thing that could have been done; for there cannot be a shorter way of making them hypocritical. Your submitting the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

matter at all to their judgments may be gratuitous; but if you do so, you must remember that the Courts of Reason recognise no difference of persons. Your wishes may fairly outweigh their arguments; but this of course is foreign to the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the thing itself, considered independently.

Domestic Rule is founded upon truth and love. If it has not both of these, it is nothing better than a despotism.

It requires the perpetual exercise of love in its most extended form. You have to learn the dispositions of those under you, and to teach them to understand yours. In order to do this, you must sympathise with them, and convince them of your doing so; for upon your sympathy will often depend their truthfulness. Thus, you must persuade a child to place confidence in you, if you wish to form an open upright character. You cannot terrify it into habits of truth. On the contrary, are not its earliest falsehoods caused by fear much oftener than from a wish to obtain any of its little ends by deceit? How often the complaint is heard from those in domestic authority that they are not confided in! But they forget how hard it is for an inferior to confide in a superior, and that he will scarcely venture to do so without the hope of some sympathy on the part of the latter; and the more so, as half our confidences are about our follies, or what we deem such.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Every one who has paid the slightest attention to this subject knows that domestic rule is built upon justice, and therefore upon truth; but it may not have been observed what evils will arise from even a slight deviation into conventionality. For instance, there is a common expression about 'overlooking trifles.' But what many persons should say, when they use this expression, is,—That they affect not to observe something, when there is no reason why they should not openly recognise it. Thus they contrive to make matters of offence out of things which really have no harm in them. Or the expression means that they do not care to take notice of something which they really believe to be wrong; and as it is not of much present annoyance to them, they persuade themselves that it is not of much harm to those who practise it. In either case, it is their duty to look boldly at the matter. The greater quantity of truth and distinctness you can throw into your proceedings the better. Connivance creates uncertainty, and gives an example of slyness; and very often you will find that you connive at some practice, merely because you have not made up your mind whether it is right or wrong, and you wish to spare yourself the trouble of thinking. All this is falsehood.

Whatever you allow in the way of pleasure or of liberty, to those under your control, you should do it heartily: you should recognise it entirely, encourage it, and enter

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

into it. If, on the contrary, you do not care for their pleasures, or sympathise with their happiness, how can you expect to obtain their confidence? And when you tell them that you consult their welfare, they look upon it as some abstract idea of your own. They will doubt whether you can know what is best for them, if they have good reason for thinking that you are likely to leave their particular views of happiness entirely out of the account.

We come next to consider some of the various means which may be made use of in Domestic Rule.

Of course it is obvious that his own example must be the chief means in any man's power, by which he can illustrate and enforce those duties which he seeks to impress upon his household.

Next to this, praise and blame are among the strongest means which he possesses; and they should not depend upon his humour. He should not throw a bit of praise at his dependants by way of making up for a previous display of anger not warranted by the occasion.

Ridicule is in general to be avoided; not that it is inefficient, perhaps, for the present purpose; but because it tends to make a poor and world-fearing character. It is too strong a remedy; and can seldom be applied with such just precision as to neutralise the evil aimed at, without destroying, at the same time, something that is good.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Still less should it ever appear that ridicule is directed against that which is good in itself, or which may be the beginning of goodness. There is, perhaps, more gentleness required in dealing with the infant virtues, than even with the vices of those under our guidance. We should be very kind to any attempt at amendment. An idle sneer, or a look of incredulity, has been the death of many a good resolve. We should also be very cautious in reminding those who now would fain be wiser, of their rash sayings of evil, of their early and uncharitable judgments of others; otherwise we run a great risk of hardening them in evil. This is especially to be guarded against with the young; for never having felt the mutability of all human things, nor having lived long enough to discover that his former certainties are amongst the strangest things which a man looks back upon in the vista of the past: not perceiving that time is told by that pendulum, man, which goes backwards and forwards in its progress; nor dreaming that the way to some opinions may lie through their opposites; they are mightily ashamed of inconsistency, and may be made to look upon reparation as a crime.

The following are some general maxims which may be of service to any one in domestic authority.

The first is to make as few crimes as he can: and not to lay down those rules of practice, which, from a careful observation

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

of their consequences, he has ascertained to be salutary, as if they were so many innate truths which all persons alike must at once, and fully, comprehend.

Let him not attempt to regulate other people's pleasures by his own tastes.

In commanding, it will not always be superfluous for him to reflect whether the thing commanded is possible.

In punishing, he should not consult his anger; nor in remitting punishment, his ease.

Let him consider whether any part of what he is inclined to call disobedience may have resulted from an insufficient expression of his own wishes.

He should be inclined to trust largely.

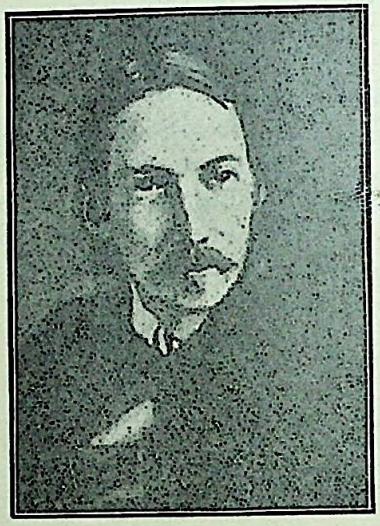
Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[1850-1894]

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh in 1850. He came from a family of famous engineers and was intended by his father to study for that profession. But ill-health interfered with his



schooling and he went on excursions with his parents to the south of France and to Italy. Though he was irregular in his studies, he was a great reader. Having no inclination for his father's profession he was persuaded to read for the bar, and for sometime he did practise law, though a briefless barrister, to please his father. His heart was given to literature. Already he was contributing essays and sketches to various magazines. In 1873 his health broke down

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

and he was advised to winter in the south of France. In search of health and to satisfy his own adventurous temper he often went on travels and voyages, delightful narrations of which we find in *Ordered South, An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey*. In France, Stevenson met an American lady Mrs. Osbourne whom he loved and married. For the amusement of his step-son he wrote the famous story popular among boys viz. *Treasure Island*. It was a great success. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *Kidnapped* were written when he was recouping his health at Bournemouth. Again he went to America and then tried cruising among Pacific Islands and ultimately decided to live at Vailima in Samoa. Though he had to spend much of his time far away from his native land, his heart always yearned for home. He died at Vailima in December, 1894.

Besides novels, stories and books of travels and letters, Stevenson wrote poems also which are a permanent part of English literature. *Virginibus Puerisque* was published in 1881. It is from this famous collection of essays that the two included here are taken. Stevenson was very keen on attaining a style of his own and for that he laboured very hard. To a number of prose writers he had 'played the sedulous ape' in his youth, learning the art of writing by imitation. The style that he ultimately acquired is, however, his own and cannot be said to have been modelled according to any particular author.

The charm of *Virginibus Puerisque*, in the first instant, lies in its revelation of the writer's personality. Stevenson's character is faithfully reflected in these essays. His courage, optimism, noble admirations and wide sympathies all have combined to inspire these essays. The love of books was another trait in Stevenson's character. The reader finds so many references to his favourite authors who influenced him. Then, for picturesque

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

effects and word painting his style is unique. He can impart the charm of a landscape to his descriptions. His language is sometimes a trifle too much studied and the manner of saying things is more important than the matter. But he maintains an unfailing interest in the human comedy and by his whimsical humour and imaginative recollection reminds us of Lamb.

A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS

CITIES given, the problem was to light them. How to conduct individual citizens about the burgess-warren, when once heaven had withdrawn its leading luminary? Or—since we live in a scientific age—when once our spinning planet has turned its back upon the sun? The moon, from time to time was doubtless very helpful; the stars had a cheery look among the chimney-pots; and a cresset here and there, on church or citadel, produced a fine pictorial effect, and, in places where the ground lay unevenly, held out the right hand of conduct to the benighted. But sun, moon, and stars abstracted or concealed, the night-faring inhabitant had to fall back—we speak on the authority of old prints—upon stable lanthorns two storeys in height. Many holes, drilled in the conical turret-roof of this vagabond Pharos, let up spouts of dazzlement into the bearer's eyes; and as he paced forth in the ghostly darkness, carrying his own sun by a ring about his finger, day and night

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

swung to and fro and up and down about his footsteps. Blackness haunted his path; he was beleaguered by goblins as he went; and, curfew being struck, he found no light but that he travelled in throughout the township.

Closely following on this epoch of migratory lanthorns in a world of extinction, came the era of oil-lights, hard to kindle, easy to extinguish, pale and wavering in the hour of their endurance. Rudely puffed the winds of heaven; roguishly clomb up the all-destructive urchin; and, lo! in a moment night re-established her void empire, and the cit groped along the wall, suppered but bedless, occult from guidance, and sorrily wading in the kennels. As if gamesome winds and gamesome youths were not sufficient, it was the habit to sling these feeble luminaries from house to house above the fairway. There, on invisible cordage, let them swing! And suppose some crane-necked general to go speeding by on a tall charger, spurring the destiny of nations, red-hot in expedition, there would indubitably be some effusion of military blood, and oaths, and a certain crash of glass; and while the chieftain rode forward with a purple coxcomb, the street would be left to original darkness, unpiloted, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night.

The conservative, looking before and after, draws from each contemplation the matter for content. Out of the age of gas lamps he glances back slightingly at the mirk and

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

glimmer in which his ancestors wandered; his heart waxes jocund at the contrast; nor do his lips refrain from a stave, in the highest style of poetry, lauding progress and the golden mean. When gas first spread along a city, mapping it forth about evenfall for the eye of observant birds, a new age had begun for sociality and corporate pleasure-seeking, and begun with proper circumstance, becoming its own birthright. The work of Prometheus had advanced by another stride. Mankind and its supper parties were no longer at the mercy of a few miles of sea-fog; sundown no longer emptied the promenade; and the day was lengthened out to every man's fancy. The city-folk had stars of their own; biddable domesticated stars.

It is true that these were not so steady, nor yet so clear as their originals; nor indeed was their lustre so elegant as that of the best wax candles. But then the gas stars, being nearer at hand, were more practically efficacious than Jupiter himself. It is true, again, that they did not unfold their rays with the appropriate spontaneity of the planets, coming out along the firmament one after another, as the need arises. But the lamplighters took to their heels every evening, and ran with a good heart. It was pretty to see man thus emulating the punctuality of heaven's orbs; and though perfection was not absolutely reached, and now and then an individual may have been knocked on the head by the ladder of the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

flying functionary, yet people commended his zeal in a proverb, and taught their children to say, "God bless the lamplighter!" And since his passage was a piece of the day's programme, the children were well pleased to repeat the benediction, not, of course, in so many words, which would have been improper, but in some chaste circumlocution, suitable for infant lips.

God bless him, indeed! For the term of his twilight diligence is near at hand; and for not much longer shall we watch him speeding up the street, and, at measured intervals, knocking another luminous hole into the dusk. The Greeks would have made a noble myth of such an one; how he distributed starlight, and, as soon as the need was over, re-collected it; and the little bull's-eye, which was his instrument, and held enough fire to kindle a whole parish, would have been fitly commemorated in the legend. Now, like all heroic tasks, his labours draw towards apotheosis, and in the light of victory himself shall disappear. For another advance has been effected. Our tame stars are to come out in future, not one by one, but all in a body and at once. A sedate electrician somewhere in a back office touches a spring—and behold! from one end to another of the city, from east to west, from the Alexandra to the Crystal Palace, there is light! *Fiat Lux*, says the sedate electrician. What a spectacle, on some clear, dark nightfall, from the edge of Hampstead Hill, when

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the design of the monstrous city flashes into vision—a glittering hieroglyph many square miles in extent; and when, to borrow and debase an image, all the evening street lamps burst together into song! Such is the spectacle of the future, preluded the other day by the experiment in Pall Mall. Star-rise by electricity, the most romantic flight of civilisation; the compensatory benefit for an innumerable array of factories and bankers' clerks. To the artistic spirit exercised about Thirlmere, here is a crumb of consolation; consolatory, at least, to such of them as look out upon the world through seeing eyes, and contentedly accept beauty where it comes.

But the conservative, while lauding progress, is ever timid of innovation; his is the hand upheld to counsel pause; his is the signal advising slow advance. The word *electricity* now sounds the note of danger. In Paris, at the mouth of the Passage des Princes, in the place before the Opera portico, and in the Rue Drouot at the *Figaro* office, a new sort of urban star now shines out nightly, horrible, unearthly, obnoxious to the human eye; a lamp for a nightmare! Such a light as this should shine only on murders and public crime, or along the corridors of lunatic asylums, a horror to heighten horror. To look at it only once is to fall in love with gas, which a warm domestic radiance fit to eat by. Mankind, you would have thought, might have remained con-

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

tent with what Prometheus stole for them and not gone fishing the profound heaven with kites to catch and domesticate the wildfire of the storm. Yet here we have the levin brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning. A man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieth, nor very epicurean if he prefer to see the face of beauty more becomingly displayed. That ugly blinding glare may not improperly advertise the home of slanderous *Figaro*, which is a back-shop to the infernal regions; but where soft joys prevail, where people are convoked to pleasure and the philosopher looks on smiling and silent, where love and laughter and deifying wine abound, there, at least, let the old mild lustre shine upon the ways of man.

EL DORADO

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience—would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlour; for he fears to come to the end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers!" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall,* he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labours.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a life-long struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher; and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

problem. We may study for ever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And where we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the farther side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a life-time there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realisable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our Chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither. Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

way farther, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

[Born 1868]

Edward Verrall Lucas was born at Eltham in 1868, and educated at London University. He began his career as a journalist working on provincial and London newspapers, and finally became assistant

editor of the world-famous *Punch*. He initiated his literary career with a book of verses for children in 1897. He is now one of the most popular and prolific of living writers and has successfully attempted biography, novel, criticism, poetry and even drama. Mr. E. V. Lucas is mentioned as one of the best writers of light verse of a high standard of technical merit. He has published some of the best anthologies and has given a standard edition of Lamb's works and his biography. He is an authority on Charles Lamb and has displayed considerable skill in editing his works. He has to his account travel-books, short stories and even books about paintings. But it is as an essayist that he occupies

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

a unique position among the genial and discursive essayists of the day. The mantle of Lamb has fallen upon him. His enthusiastic admiration for Lamb's Essays, and his close communion with his spirit have distinctly coloured the style of Mr. Lucas. Not a few of Lamb's powers he seems to inherit specially his power to delight and charm.

Lucas is one of the most distinguished exponents of the art of the personal essay—that is the essay, in which the writer aims at revealing himself more than the subject. He invests the familiar world with new radiance and new interest by interpreting it in his own individual manner. He is entirely free from straining after effects and there are no signs of intellectual effort. All is smoothness and ease. His touch is sure whatever the topic he may be discussing. He sees the pageant of life and invites us to have his vision. There is nothing too trifling. His prodigality of invention is astonishing. His themes are inexhaustible because he is so creative and can write readily and charmingly on any subject. Then there is the delightful quality of his humour. It reminds us of Lamb. It is so quiet and graceful and so delicious for its artless exaggeration and quaintness.

Lucas's publications occupy twenty-three columns in the British Museum catalogue, and he is still writing. It is no use giving the long list of his works here. A student who acquires a taste for his essays will find an inexhaustible treasury in his works.

TIGHT CORNERS

THE talk was running on the critical situations in which we had found ourselves—those of us whose lives were adventurous enough to comprise any.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public.Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

One man had been caught by the tide in Brittany and escaped by the skin of his teeth. Another had been on an elephant when a wounded tiger charged at it. A third had been on the top storey of a burning house. A fourth was torpedoed in the War.

"But you all talk," said one of the company, "as though tight corners were always physical affairs. Surely they can be tighter when they are mental. The tightest corner I was ever in was at Christie's."

"Christie's?"

"Yes. I had been lunching rather well at a club in St. James's Street with an old friend from abroad, and, passing along King Street afterwards, he persuaded me to look in at the sale-room. The place was full. They were selling Barbizon pictures, and getting tremendous sums for each: two thousand, three thousand, for little bits of things—forest scenes, pools at evening, shepherdesses, the regular subjects. Nothing went as low as three figures at all. Well, we watched for a little while and then I found myself bidding too—just for fun. I had exactly sixty-three pounds in the bank and not enough securities to borrow five hundred on, and here I was nodding away to the auctioneer like a bloatocrat.

" 'You'll get caught,' my friend said to me.

" 'No, I shan't,' I said. 'I'm not going to run any risks.'

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

"And for a long time I didn't. And then a picture was put up and a short red-faced man in a new top-hat—some well-known dealer—who had bought quite a number, electrified the room by starting the bidding at a figure a little higher than any that he had yet given or that anything had reached. Although the previous lots had run into four figures they had all been modestly started at fifty guineas or a hundred guineas, with a gradual crescendo to which I had often been a safe contributor. But no sooner was the new picture displayed than the dealer made his sensational bid. 'Four thousand guineas,' he said.

"There was a rustle of excitement, and at the end of it I heard my own voice saying, 'And fifty!'

"A terrible silence followed, during which the auctioneer looked inquiringly first at the opener and then at the company generally. To my surprise and horror the red-faced dealer gave no sign of life. I realized now, as I ought to have done at first, that he had shot his bolt.

" 'Four thousand and fifty guineas offered,' said the auctioneer, again searching the room.

"My heart stopped; my blood congealed. There was no sound but a curious smothered noise from my friend.

" 'Four thousand and fifty guineas. Any

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

advance on four thousand and fifty guineas?' —and the hammer fell.

"That was a nice pickle to be in! Here was I, with sixty-three pounds in the world and not five hundred pounds' worth of securities, the purchaser of a picture which I didn't want, for four thousand and fifty guineas, the top price of the day. Turning for some kindly support to my friend I found that he had left me; but not, as I feared at the moment, from baseness, but, as I afterwards discovered, in order to find a remote place in which to lean against the wall and laugh.

"Stunned and dazed as I was, I pulled myself together sufficiently to hand my card, nonchalantly (I hope), to the clerk who came for the millionaire collector's name, and then I set to pondering on the problem what to do next. Picture after picture was put up and sold, but I saw none of them. I was running over the names of uncles and other persons from whom it might be possible to borrow, but wasn't; wondering if the money-lenders who talk so glibly about 'note of hand only' really mean it; speculating on the possibility of confessing my poverty to one of Christie's staff and having the picture put up again. Perhaps that was the best way—yet how could I do it after all the other bids I had made? The staff looked so prosperous and unsympathetic, and no one would believe

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

it was a mistake. A genuine mistake of such a kind would have been rectified at once.

"Meanwhile the sale came to an end and I stood on the outskirts of the little knot of buyers round the desk who were writing cheques and giving instructions. Naturally I preferred to be the last. It was there that I was joined by my friend; but only for a moment, for upon a look at my face he rammed his handkerchief in his mouth and again disappeared. Alone I was to dree this awful weird. I have never felt such a fool or had colder feet. I believe I should have welcomed a firing party.

"And then the unexpected happened, and I realized that a career of rectitude sometimes has rewards beyond the mere consciousness of virtue. A voice at my ear suddenly said, 'Beg pardon, Sir, but was you the gent that bought the big Daubigny?'

"I admitted it.

" 'Well, the gent who offered four thousand guineas wants to know if you'll take fifty guineas for your bid.'

"If ever a messenger of the high gods wore a green baize apron and spoke in husky Cockney tones this was he. I could have embraced him and wept for joy. Would I take fifty guineas? Why, I would have taken fifty farthings.

"But how near the surface and ready, even in the best of us, is worldly guile! 'Is

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

that the most he would offer?' I had the presence of mind to ask.

" 'It's not for me to say,' he replied. 'No 'arm in trying for a bit more, is there?'

" 'Tell him I'll take a hundred,' I said.

"And I got it.

"When I found my friend I was laughing too, but he became grave at once on seeing the cheque.

" 'Well, I'm hanged!' he said. 'Of all the luck! Well, I'm hanged!'

"Then he said, 'Don't forget that if it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have come into Christie's at all.'

" 'I shall never forget it,' I said. 'Nor your deplorable mirth. Both are indelibly branded in letters of fire on my heart. My hair hasn't gone white, has it?' "

THE DEALER

HAVING vainly spent the whole afternoon in trying to get a single swing of the pendulum a single note of the gong, a single tick—the least sign of life—out of a clock that I bought a few days ago at our old curiosity shop, I ought not to be in any mood to extol the dealer who sold it to me. And yet I am. I hold him in much honour, even although he vowed he had just paid five shillings to have it put into 'thorough going order.' I give his words verbatim. They are words which

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

are invented for such men to run glibly off their false and irresponsible tongues. From no man does the phrase come more pat. 'Thorough going order.' By this warranty the breed may be said to live.

Yet the clock shall hang where it is for ever, so far as I am concerned, for I like it and shall soon be reconciled to its apathy and discretion. Why tell the time? Silence is golden. Also, whenever I see strangers looking up at it, I shall recall Fred Barnard's exquisite picture of the country lad holding a stable lantern over a sundial on a dark night. They will be as likely to get information as he.

Besides, it serves me right for buying a clock at all, when clocks and watches are always against me and always will be. I have never been lucky with them. Some people, I have observed, never are; just as others always are. For luck is a streaky business: you can easily be a lucky man, and yet have no luck with clocks, say, or tailors, or roses or Blue Persian cats; and you can be lucky with these things and unlucky in others. I have a friend who is and always has been lucky with tailors—his clothes fit at once, and are well cut, and last a long time, and look well to the end, and his house is full of interesting and accurate timepieces—and yet he has bad health, and his eyes have lately given him trouble. You see? So I do not worry very much about my uniform difficulties

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

with every timepiece I buy and have bought since the first.

Did I use the word timepiece? If I did, it was fate, for my first horological tragedy belongs to that unhappy euphemism. At school I took in (as who did not in those days?) a boy's periodical. I forget its name, but it had advertisements of such fascination that long after the text proper had been read and re-read we would be seen poring over the end pages. I need only remark that one page was devoted to the magical firm of Theobald to convince the initiated of this allurement. (To-day there is, I believe, no Theobald. No Theobald! What can it be like to be a boy without a Theobald? Welcome, grey hair!) But to return. In addition to Theobald's advertisement, I came, one week, upon a description of a treasure which I felt that I must possess or die. A 'jewelled timepiece.' Now, I had no watch, but almost all the other boys, even my contemporaries, had; and here was my chance. A jewelled and accurate timepiece for half a crown, postage free. Such an offer to-day would be unexciting; but in 1878 there were no Waterburys: a watch was of silver, and it cost a pound or two. I forget the rest of the advertisement, but it was all intensely appetizing, and I suspected nothing. Not even did the word timepiece cause a tremor. By dint of saving, self-denial, borrowing, and some small sacrifices of articles of *vertu* from my collection, I scraped

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

together the necessary half-crown, and received in return a—pocket sundial. It was my first experience of the commercial art of harnessing the truth to a lie. For there was not a word in the advertisement that was not exact—there was even a bad ruby under the compass—and yet, taken as a whole, it was a deception. At any rate, had the word sundial been used instead of timepiece not a dozen half-crowns would have resulted.

That was the first of my failures, and they still continue. I have a repeating watch so delicately organized that if I sneeze it stops. My ordinary watch is better: it keeps good time; but its gold is of so suspicious a hue, so like the sham article, although in reality rather costly, that no pawnbroker will advance more than an eighth of its value. Luck never changes in matters like this. General luck may change, but not particular luck. I shall measure time badly until the end.

No secondhand dealer in the country—in a small way, I mean,—ever began by being a secondhand dealer. Like the conductors of omnibuses they drift to it by devious routes, through other trades ,carried by the current of *laissez faire* or reluctance to obey the ordinary rules governing commercial success. For whereas a grocer or cobbler or carpenter would suffer if he were not in when he was wanted, would inevitably perish had he not some respect for the working hours, a second-hand furniture dealer loses nothing. There

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

is always a wife to name the price while he is enjoying the delights of hunting for new treasure and giving far too little for it. Hence from unpunctual and unbusinesslike tradesmen and craftsmen good dealers can be evolved. My dealer can do everything, I am told, 'except'—as he himself put it with engaging frankness—'work'; but his real trade is that of gunsmith. Had he stuck to that trade, I gather, the rabbits round here would be immortal.

My dealer is typical. He is, first and foremost, lazy. I believe that that is a necessity. To keep an old curiosity shop in a country town one must have some of the gift of indolence that once went with tobacconists and newsagents. A readiness to gossip belongs also to the trade, and a touch of the artist. My dealer is much of an artist. He is rarely without a cigarette; he has a suspicion of French blood. He is careless. 'Take it or leave it,' he seems to say. He recommends his wares, it is true, and he recommends them (as I have shown) so fluently that his tongue runs away with him. But he never overdoes his solicitation, and he has the good sense to leave you alone in the shop and let you make your own discoveries. They all ought to do this; but how few of them have the wit to!

I never come to a new village or country town without exploring the curiosity shop; and I have never yet made what is called a

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

real find, or, in other words, I have never, owing to the dealer's ignorance, bought for a few shillings an article worth as many pounds. Nor, to be quite frank, do I want to; but stories of such strokes of fortune are always interesting. Nor have I ever bought for a small sum anything of value from a farm-house or cottage while waiting for the rain to stop, a *coup* that I am even less anxious to bring off than that other. But I often wonder what I should do if I found myself in a room of this kind, on the wall of which was, say, a genuine Turner drawing. To its owners, I am assuming, it would be of far less interest than a good colour print. While five pounds would delight them, to me it would be an endless joy. If I offered them more than five pounds they would become suspicious, hang back, ask advice of a lawyer or some one, and get perhaps a hundred pounds, while the adviser would make a thousand, and in the end the picture would cross the Atlantic and hang in the gallery of a Trust magnate. To save it from such a fate, might I not stifle my conscience and walk off with it in exchange for five pounds? I wonder if I would.

An interesting occupation in a curiosity shop is to speculate on the homes from which these thousand and one things have come—to meet here, in this quiet country town. There is a sinister poem by the second James Thomson on the conversation between the pieces of furniture in a dead man's room; the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

same treatment applied to an old curiosity shop, by an Andersen, would produce the most fascinating results—a series of life stories of East and West (emphatically meeting here) that would hold a child spellbound for hours. That little Burmese idol should have something to tell; that dried head from South America; that group of Dresden china; even that sturdy old jug with a sailor and his lass bidding farewell on it. It may have stood on Mrs. Poyser's dresser. . . . . In a curiosity shop everything has a history. . . . . Mr. Kipling could do it.

The other old furniture and curiosity dealer within reach is an older man, who has made that business not his staff, but his cane. His staff is a barber's pole; and many is the chin that has been left half-lathered and impotent to protest while he answered a call to name the price of a Chippendale chair or brass fender. His tongue is long, too, but not so engaging as the ex-gunsmith's. The last time I saw him he was not himself at all, and confessed to a recent stroke that had not only incapacitated his shaving hand, but also had affected his eyes. But it is a poor dealer who cannot get some profit out of even a visitation of paralysis; and when I asked the price of a pair of candlesticks, he requested me to be so good as to look underneath and read the figure out to him, and on my doing so he remarked, with an air of amazement that could not have been better managed by

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute; Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

an actor, 'That must be a mistake. My son could never have been so foolish as to mark them as low as that on purpose. It all comes of my illness. But,' he added sadly, 'since the price is there, I suppose you must have the benefit of it'; and who could refrain from buying after such a generous sentiment? And who could refrain from admiration of the old man's ingenuity on hearing from others a description of the same ruse and its success with themselves?

When I was last at my own particular dealer's, this is what I remember seeing: Four lantern clocks; two alabaster figures representing Titian's Sacred and Profane Love—there being little to choose in matter of physical development between these two opposed varieties; a pencil drawing nominally by George Morland; a bundle of coloured sporting prints, so obviously spurious that the dealer's assurance that they were genuine died in his moustache, and nothing became it like its end; a grandfather's clock; two carved chests; a brass pestle and mortar; some coloured engravings on glass; several plate warmers; four Sussex-iron fire-backs; a spinning wheel; and an oil painting of the Holy Family, which the dealer could not say for certain, but rather fancied, was by Leonardo da Vinci. This I might have, he said, for three pound ten; thereby reminding me of an oil painting that a friend of mine saw in a marine store off the Edgware Road not long

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

since, very black all over, and unframed, across whose surface was written in chalk these words: 'This genuine old master, probably worth £100, for 8*s*.' I did not buy the Leonardo; I bought only the clock, and that refuses to go.

At the other pole, distant the diameter of the earth from my dealer's, is that spacious and palatial treasury of old furniture which we will call Billsons', that paradise of the connoisseur, with its miles of galleries, situated in an old English country town, with carriages-and-pairs and wagonettes and dog-carts in the High Street, and, in spite of the motor-cars that pass through, a last-century, or even century-before-last, air still clinging to it. The High Street is very steep, and Billsons' is half-way up it—or half-way down it, according to the direction in which you are going. At the foot is a river, and then the hill instantly begins again. (Have I told you enough to identify it?)

Billsons' has a modest enough window, like any other old furniture shop; its bewildering and unending ramifications, floor upon floor and rooms leading into rooms, are all at the back. The thing, therefore, to do is to get to the back, and this is possible to the honest daylight adventurer only by first passing an assistant in the shop. Now, as all lovers of art and the second-hand know, difference in interest between exploring show-rooms and picture exhibitions alone, and

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

being accompanied by an assistant, is the difference between pleasure and anxiety. Therefore, the thing to do is not only to get plausibly into the back of Billsons', but to get there alone. And this is just where Billsons' is ready to help you, for if it thinks you look all aright, it lets you go free as a bee in a herbaceous border. All you have to do, therefore, is to look all right.

The prevailing word at Billsons' is 'piece.' You are urged to consider the charms of this piece, the rarity of that, the remarkable qualities of a third. *'Pax vobiscum'* (to make a very poor pun) might be the motto of the firm.

Billsons' not only a little overworks the word 'piece,' but indulges in adjectives to an extent beyond necessity. For instance, one can understand a dealer employing all the aid of alluring epithets during the progress of the deal, and dropping it when the bargain is completed. Not so Billsons'. Billsons' carries the habit into its accounts. Of the dead, so to speak, it continues to say agreeable things. Thus, in the receipted bill which lies before me, the result of my temerarious travels on many floors, I find that I have paid for a 'pretty' wine-cooler, a 'very pretty' cradle, and a 'quaint' decanter stand. Since they are now mine and no longer Billsons', they might equally well be a plain wine-cooler, cradle, and decanter stand. But no, Billsons'

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

sticks to its adjectives to the bitter end, and I admire it for doing so.

Three pieces, you will observe, I bought; but what of the rest—the thousands of pieces I did not buy? The very handsome upright bullet clock; the quaint and commodious bacon settle, with its many friendly cupboards; the unusual monk's combined bench and table; the very elegant fire-screens that might easily have kept the heat of the flames from the face of Miss Jane Austen as she sat reading to her mother; and so forth. What of these? Well, they are not for me; but how an American millionaire visiting Billsons', as many of them do, can come away without spending hundreds and hundreds of pounds, I shall never understand. If I had wealth I should be a perfect spendthrift with old furniture. Nothing gives me so deep and serene a satisfaction as sound and beautiful pieces—furniture that was already old when Albert the Good arrived on our shores with his devastating want of taste. But wealth is never to be mine, and I shall never have the furniture I want. If, however, I behave myself and respect the Decalogue, when I die I shall go to Billsons'.

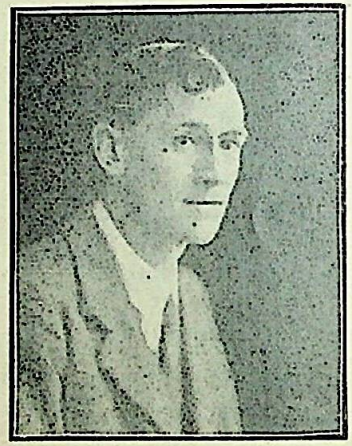
Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

ROBERT LYND

[Born 1879]

Robert Lynd was born in 1879 and has been for some years the Literary Editor of the *Daily News*. He is not only an untiring journalist contributing regularly to the popular London periodicals, but has



the reputation of being one of the most gifted essayists of the time. His essays have been published in several books and some of the most entertaining are those which he contributed to the weekly journal the *New Statesman* under the pen-name of 'Y.Y.' He has been giving to the reader his impressions of the world, men and manners now gravely and now with gaiety and gusto.

If the mantle of Lamb has fallen upon Mr. Lucas, Mr. Lynd seems to derive his inspiration from R. L. Stevenson. In his essays he displays his Stevensonian humour, reflectiveness and sympathy.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Mere trifles are enough to suggest to him themes for some of his most readable essays, and he can make them the occasion of trenchant criticism of life, and display his shrewd and penetrating method of approach. He has the confidential manner of the personal essayist even when writing on serious subjects.

Though he cultivates the manner of Stevenson his style is simpler and less elaborate and free from his mannerisms. His humour is subtle, perhaps because he is half-Irish by birth. Even in the most trivial of his efforts he seldom fails to instruct and delight. Among his volumes of essays may be mentioned *A Peal of Bells, The Book of This and That, The Pleasures of Ignorance* and the *Blue Lion. The Watchers* has been taken from the last named book.

THE PLEASURES OF IGNORANCE.

It is impossible to take a walk in the country with an average townsman—especially, perhaps, in April or May—without being amazed at the vast continent of his ignorance. It is impossible to take a walk in the country oneself without being amazed at the vast continent of one's own ignorance. Thousands of men and women live and die without knowing the difference between a beech and an elm, between the song of a thrush and the song of a blackbird. Probably in a modern city the man who can distinguish between a thrush's and a blackbird's song is the exception. It is not that we have not seen the birds. It is simply that we have not

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

noticed them. We have been surrounded by birds all our lives, yet so feeble is our observation that many of us could not tell whether or not the chaffinch sings, or the colour of the cuckoo. We argue like small boys as to whether the cuckoo always sings as he flies or sometimes in the branches of a tree—whether Chapman drew on his fancy or his knowledge of nature in the lines :

> When in the oak's green arms the cuckoo sings,
> And first delights men in the lovely springs.

This ignorance, however, is not altogether miserable. Out of it we get the constant pleasure of discovery. Every fact of nature comes to us each spring, if only we are sufficiently ignorant, with the dew still on it. If we have lived half a lifetime without having ever even seen a cuckoo, and know it only as a wandering voice, we are all the more delighted at the spectacle of its runaway flight as it hurries from wood to wood, conscious of its crimes, and at the way in which it halts hawk-like in the wind, its long tail quivering, before it dares descend on a hillside of fir-trees where avenging presences may lurk. It would be absurd to pretend that the naturalist does not also find pleasure in observing the life of the birds, but his is a steady pleasure, almost a sober and plodding occupation ,compared to the morning enthusiasm of the man who sees a cuckoo for the first time, and, behold, the world is made new.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

And as to that, the happiness even of the naturalist depends in some measure upon his ignorance, which still leaves him new worlds of this kind to conquer. He may have reached the very Z of knowledge in the books, but he still feels half ignorant until he has confirmed each bright particular with his eyes. He wishes with his own eyes to see the female cuckoo—rare spectacle!—as she lays her egg on the ground and takes it in her bill to the nest in which it is destined to breed infanticide. He would sit down after day with a field-glass against his eyes in order personally to endorse or refute the evidence suggesting that the cuckoo *does* lay on the ground and not in a nest. And if he is so far fortunate as to discover this most secretive of birds in the very act of laying, there still remain for him other fields to conquer in a multitude of such disputed questions as whether the cuckoo's egg is always of the same colour as the other eggs in the nest in which she abandons it. Assuredly the men of science have no reason as yet to weep over their lost ignorance. If they seem to know everything, it is only because you and I know almost nothing. There will always be a fortune of ignorance waiting for them under every fact they turn up. They will never know what song the Sirens sang to Ulysses any more than Sir Thomas Browne did.

If I have called in the cuckoo to illustrate the ordinary man's ignorance, it is not

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

because I can speak with authority on that bird. It is simply because, passing the spring in a parish that seemed to have been invaded by all the cuckoos of Africa, I realized how exceedingly little I ,or anybody else I met, knew about them. But your and my ignorance is not confined to cuckoos. It dabbles in all created things, from the sun and moon down to the names of the flowers. I once heard a clever lady asking whether the new moon always appears on the same day of the week. She added that perhaps it is better not to know, because, if one does not know when or in what part of the sky to expect it, its appearance is always a pleasant surprise. I fancy, however, the new moon always comes as a surprise even to those who are familiar with her time-tables. And it is the same with the coming in of spring and the waves of the flowers. We are not the less delighted to find an early primrose because we are sufficiently learned in the services of the year to look for it in March or April rather than in October. We know, again, that the blossom precedes and not succeeds the fruit of the apple-tree, but this does not lessen our amazement at the beautiful holiday of a May orchard.

At the same time there is perhaps a special pleasure in re-learning the names of many of the flowers every spring. It is like re-reading a book that one has almost forgotten. Montaigne tells us that he had so bad a

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

memory that he could always read an old book as though he had never read it before. I have myself a capricious and leaking memory. I can read *Hamlet* itself and *The Pickwick Papers* as though they were the work of new authors and had come wet from the press, so much of them fades between one reading and another. There are occasions on which a memory of this kind is an affliction, especially if one has a passion for accuracy. But this is only when life has an object beyond entertainment. In respect of mere luxury, it may be doubted whether there is not as much to be said for a bad memory as for a good one. With a bad memory one can go on reading Plutarch and *The Arabian Nights* all one's life. Little shreds and tags, it is probable, will stick even in the worst memory, just as a succession of sheep cannot leap through a gap in a hedge without leaving a few wisps of wool on the thorns. But the sheep themselves escape ,and the great authors leap in the same way out of an idle memory and leave little enough behind.

And if we can forget books, it is as easy to forget the months and what they showed us when once they are gone. Just for the moment I tell myself that I know May like the multiplication table and could pass an examination on its flowers, their appearance and their order. To-day I can affirm confidently that the buttercup has five petals. (Or is it six? I knew for certain last week.)

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

But next year I shall probably have forgotten my arithmetic, and may have to learn once more not to confuse the buttercup with the celandine. Once more I shall see the world as a garden through the eyes of a stranger, my breath taken away with surprise by the painted fields. I shall find myself wondering whether it is science or ignorance which affirms that the swift (that black exaggeration of the swallow and yet a kinsman of the humming-bird) never settles even on a nest, but disappears at night into the heights of the air. I shall learn with fresh astonishment that it is the male, and not the female, cuckoo that sings. I may have to learn again not to call the campion a wild geranium, and to re-discover whether the ash comes early or late in the etiquette of the trees. A contemporary English novelist was once asked by a foreigner what was the most important crop in England. He answered without a moment's hesitation: 'Rye.' Ignorance so complete as this seems to me to be touched with magnificence; but the ignorance even of illiterate persons is enormous. The average man who uses a telephone could not explain how a telephone works. He takes for granted the telephone, the railway train, the linotype, the aeroplane, as our grandfathers took for granted the miracles of the Gospels. He neither questions nor understands them. It is as though each of us investigated and made his own only a tiny circle of facts. (Knowledge

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

outside the day's work is regarded by most men as a gewgaw. Still we are constantly in reaction against our ignorance. We rouse ourselves at intervals and speculate. We revel in speculations about anything at all—about life after death or about such questions as that which is said to have puzzled Aristotle, 'why sneezing from noon to midnight was good, but from night to noon unlucky.' One of the greatest joys known to man is to take such a flight into ignorance in search of knowledge. The great pleasure of ignorance is, after all, the pleasure of asking questions. The man who has lost this pleasure or exchanged it for the pleasure of dogma, which is the pleasure of answering, is already beginning to stiffen. One envies so inquisitive a man as Jowett, who sat down to the study of physiology in his sixties. Most of us have lost the sense of our ignorance long before that age. We even become vain of our squirrel's hoard of knowledge and regard increasing age itself as a school of omniscience. We forget that Socrates was framed for wisdom not because he was omniscient but because he realized at the age of seventy that he still knew nothing.

THE WATCHERS

GRAVE social philosophers have always been suspicious of games. Games, when they

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

are taken seriously, we are told, are a symptom, if not a cause, of the decay of society. One may say in regard to this that, if civilizations must die, they could not at least choose a more charming setting for the closing scene than a playing field. How delightful is England in June and July when the sun shines, and there is more tennis and cricket and racing and rowing and polo in a few weeks than most of us would have leisure to attend in a lifetime! There are those who tell us that we should stay at home and play games in the back garden with our friends instead of being content to look on at these public contests of men, women and horses. They even assure us that they prefer to watch the easy-going tennis that is played on a suburban lawn. There is something to be said for this view. I myself am happier in a garden than as a spectator at Wimbledon. But it is a different kind of happiness. In a garden I am a happy idler: if I go to Wimbledon, I find myself plunging into the energetic passions of a spectator. People sometimes talk as though the spectators at public games were mere lazy onlookers. They contrast the activity of the players with the inactivity of the crowd. I believe this to be a fallacy. I am sure that to look on at a well-fought game is to take a sort of exercise and almost to play a part in the game itself. It is as if one's very muscles tightened at the exciting moments, and one's heart beats as fast as

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

though one were running oneself. If an experimental psychologist were to go to Wimbledon with one of those machines for measuring the expenditure of effort, and were to carry out a series of tests among the spectators, I feel confident that he would discover that, even while sitting in their seats, they were expending as many foot-pounds of effort as, say, a builder. It is an arguable paradox that one can get more exercise from watching Johnston or Norton playing tennis than from playing tennis oneself. It is probably not quite true, but there is enough truth in it to make it worth maintaining in an argument. Many people are incapable of entering with the same keenness into the games which they play themselves as into the games which they see played by champions. They feel that something of world importance depends on the result of the latter, and grow as excited about them as though a game were a sort of beautiful war. Has one ever been more excited over anything in the public affairs of the world than over the doubt whether one's school would win the football cup? As one watched the match, one took part in it with all one's sinews, butting back the enemy in every scrummage, racing with the fast three-quarters through hostile hands that he slipped through as through the ineffectual hands of ghosts, kicking the ball high and far with the fearless full back, throwing the ball out of touch deftly and powerfully with the half (or, as we used to call

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

him, the quarter). No player moved but one's muscles moved with him. One's entire frame responded to and repeated all the activities of the field. All drama, I fancy, re-enacts itself in this way in the spectator's being, and, if the effect of this is good, as Aristotle says it is, in the theatre, I do not see why it should not also be good, though on another plane, in the grand stand of the playing-field. It is true that I cannot definitely say I have ever known a man whose biceps was well developed as a result of watching cricket or who got an athlete's heart from looking on at rugby football. But I like to think that there are such people, and that somewhere on earth is a man who, every season, after watching his first football match, has to go home and rub himself all over with Elliman's embrocation.

The spectator in any case is not the base person he is sometimes represented to be by those who accuse him of being responsible for the decadence of Greece and the fall of Rome. He is, on the contrary, a man of primitive tastes who likes, above all things, to see some kind of a fight. He knows that most of the animals, and men among them, become exceptionally and even excellingly interesting when they are fighting. A pair of farmyard cockerels that have never attracted his eye for so much as a passing moment begin to fight—and immediately he pauses and takes a lively interest in them. He sees a rook and a hawk

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

quarrelling in the air, each attempting to mount above the other in order to deliver its blow, and his heart beats faster as he awaits the issue of the fight. It is not that he is not glad that cock-fighting as a sport has been put down by the police. He may possibly be a humanitarian who detests all attempts to make a game out of the pugnacities of animals. But when Nature herself provides the sport, he is not so churlish as to refuse the boon. If it were possible to interfere between the hawk and the rook, I should interfere. I think I should put a stop to almost any fight except a prize fight, if I had the power. Even so, as the old dramatist said, *homo sum,* and, if it is only a pair of dogs that are fighting, I cannot pass by, like the Levite, on the other side. We may hate contests of this kind, but we cannot remain indifferent to them. A contest in itself is almost always an absorbing spectacle, and it is only odious in so far as some element of cruelty or brutality enters into it. Games, better than anything else, provide us with contests from which we need not shrink out of kindness of heart. Here are bloodless battles—dog-fights out of which both the dogs emerge exhausted but cheerful. Here is all the keenness of rivalry without its corollary of murderous malevolence. Man, it appears, can understand nothing save by comparison; he can understand strength only by comparing one man's strength with another's, and speed only by comparing one

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

horse's speed with another's. Hence his passionate interest in every sort of game in which strong men are pitted against each other, or any fine physical quality is seen in its relative perfection. Nor is it only in the physical world that we are in love with contest. Time was when Christian men stood enthralled by the spectacle of one theologian striving for pre-eminence over another. A man who could dispute well in those days became famous throughout Europe, and Milton in his time was scarcely less famous than Jack Dempsey is in ours. And what is history, when it is not a record of contests between soldiers, but a record of contests between politicians? Go back to Athens, and you will always find the great politician confronting his rival, like a great boxer or a great tennis-player: every Demosthenes has his Æschines. As we read history, it reveals itself as an account of ten thousand championships won and lost. Contest is always there—either a contest between rival men, or a contest between rival nations. We like the great men to come before us in couples, and in our minds we can scarcely see them alone—Pitt without Fox, Gladstone without Disraeli. A public man's biography is largely the biography of his chief enemy. Here he seems to have lived most keenly, where he had to struggle most desperately for victory. Here, out of the overflow of his keenness, some keenness seems

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

to pour into our own beings as we read, and our sleepy attention is awakened as though by a struggle of our own times. No doubt there are other important things in life besides conflict, but there are not many other things so inevitably interesting. The very saints interest us most when we think of them as engaged in a conflict with the Devil. And, indeed, men have gone so far as to imagine the entire universe as the scene of a long fight between Satan and God Almighty.

Thus it will be seen that even our excitement over the result of a ping-pong tournament has its roots in something deep and universal in our nature. If there is anything that especially distinguishes us from the angels, it is, I fancy, that the contest of opposites means so much more to us than it does to them. We imagine the very light and darkness fighting each other, and the gambler pits the red against the black. Games and sports are the finest animal expression of this love of opposites. So strong is our passion for such things that society is willing to support a large company of athletes in what would once have been called idleness in order that they may train themselves to such a point of perfection that our contests shall be contests between demigods. The all-time athlete does not seem a more shocking phenomenon to us than the all-time soldier. During peace-time, indeed, he looms a far larger figure in our interests than the soldier. His sham fights

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

do not excite us the less because they are comparatively safe. All we ask is that he shall thrill us by standing up to his equals and surmounting all the difficulties in the path to victory. For games would cease to be exciting if men and horses did not meet men and horses who were more or less their equals. Boxing would lose its interest if the champion were always invincible. If our excitement over the Dempsey-Carpentier fight rose, as the papers said, to fever heat, it was because the genius of the one man seemed in its way equal to the genius of the other. If Mlle. Lenglen lived for ever, we should lose a great deal of our interest in women's tennis. Tennis, as played by her, is an exhibition of skill and not a contest, and, as a result, we find a part of the crowd applauding her faulty strokes in the hope that, after all, she will prove herself human and may meet her equal at last instead of being an eagle among canaries. Similarly, racing would become comparatively dull if every year produced a Mumtaz Mahal, that marvellous two-year-old that can outstrip all its contemporaries as a northern gale could outstrip the puff of a child's breath. We admire Mlle. Lenglen and Mumtaz Mahal as wonders, but we are always hoping for the appearance of other wonders to match, if not to vanquish, them. Horse-racing is the sport of kings and dustmen because there are so few horses of whose continued supremacy we can be perfectly sure.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Every season discovers horses that are whispered to be invincible—a Collaborator, a Verdict, a Town Guard—but in time they all go down and we enjoy racing all the better in consequence. What gives us the greatest pleasure on the race-course is a neck-and-neck finish—such as that between Happy Man and Silurian at Ascot—especially perhaps, if it is the horse we have backed that is a neck ahead. Horse-racing merely bores most of those who go to races, and who are not interested in advance in the contest between the genius of one horse and the genius of another. A boat-race similarly depends for most of its interest on our doubts and fears as to the result. How tedious was the Oxford and Cambridge race last year, with Cambridge certain to win, and winning without an effort! It was like watching a cricket match between Yorkshire and Glamorgan. As a spectacle of white and green, even this may be worth looking at, but not as a contest. A seat at almost any game on a fine day is a lazy man's paradise. But the games that we remember with pleasure for years are those at which, so far from being lazy, we are lashed by the waves and beaten by the winds of excitement, and in which we take part in the strife as players by deputy.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

NOTES

A Study of Benares

Page 5.

4. CHHATTRA] A house or temple at which a given number of persons receive a free meal daily. See p. 12 ; line 11.

5. JAUNPUR PATHAN STYLE] A Mohammedan style of architecture.

20. HOM] A Sanskrit word meaning a ritual in which offerings are made to the Fire.

21. RIJKS] A Sanskrit word ; also *richas*. The sacred and mystic *mantras* of the Vedas. *Runes* are the ancient Scandinavian alphabet ; secret or mystic sentences.

Page 6.

12. DEER-PARK] Or Sarnath where Lord Buddha preached his first sermon.

14. NIRVANA] The cessation of individual existence ; the highest attainable state to which a Buddhist aspires.

20. STUPA] A Buddhist monument ; a dagoba or shrine of Buddha.

Page 7.

1. ABKARIYEH KAND] Better known as Bakariya Kund. It is now in possession of Moslems.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Buddhist remains can still be seen there. For a detailed account see Sherring's *Sacred City of the Hindus*.

7. IMPERIAL SACRIFICES] The *Ashvamedha Yajña* or horse-sacrifice was performed by a sovereign who desired to be acknowledged an emperor.

30. PALIMPSEST] A manuscript which has been written upon twice, the first writing having been rubbed off to make room for the second.

Page 8.

10. CANTERBURY] Famous for its historic Cathedral, it is a small city about 60 miles from London. The Cathedral was for a long time a place of pilgrimage and was founded by St. Augustine in 597 A.D. Thomas à Becket was murdered here before the alter in 1170 A.D.

25. ELEPHANTA] An island in Bombay harbour famous for its wonderful cave sculptures.

Page 9.

14. NUDDEA] An old seat of Sanskrit learning especially of *Nyaya* or logic, in Bengal.

33. JOHN BUNYAN] Originally a travelling tinker (1628-1688) became a popular religious teacher and was thrown into prison at Bedford ; and it was there that he wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Holy War*, the two finest allegorical works in any language.

33. WILLIAM BLAKE] Painter, poet and mystic (1757-1827), whose *Songs of Innocence* and scriptural drawings reveal an intense spirituality and much original power.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 11.

10. LEIPZIG OR HEIDELBERG] Two famous seats of learning and Universities in Europe.

Page 14.

21. AHALYA BAI RANI] Of Indore was a pious and devout Queen who ably managed her state and lived the life of a true Hindu widow.

Page 15.

8. MAN MANDIR] An observatory built by Maharaja Sawai Jai Singh (1688-1743) of Jaipur.

22. PANCH KOS] The area round Benares which is supposed to be sacred by pilgrims who go round it.

Page 16.

15. VYASAS] Learned pandits who recite and expound the *Puranas*.

20. LATIN EMPIRE CITY] The Roman Empire

Page 17.

4. KROPOTKIN] Prince Peter Kropotkin (1842-1921) a geographer, anarchist explorer and a distinguished writer on socialistic subjects. A Russian by birth was imprisoned in his native country from where he escaped to England. Returned to Russia in 1917.

15. MOTIF] A theme or ground for intellectual action. An old form of *motive*.

Page 18.

28. CONCIERGE] A warden: a, janitor or door-keeper, *Pr*: kong-si-erj'.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 20.

18. AD NAUSEAM] To the pitch of producing disgust. A Latin phrase.

A Meditation upon a Broomstick

Page 27.

9. BIRCHEN SPOILS] Dust and other particles gathered up by the broomstick while sweeping the floor, etc.

23. RAKES INTO . . . . NATURE] Searches minutely a lazy woman's innermost feelings and sentiments ; pries into her heart to find out secret motives.

31. BROTHER-BOSOM] A kind of broom, here called brother because meant for the same purpose as an ordinary broomstick.

The Art of Political Lying

Page 28.

9. MILTON EXPRESSES IT] In his *Paradise Lost*.

Page 29.

28. SPAWN] The eggs of fish or frogs when ejected ; offspring.

29. STOCK-JOBBER] A person engaged in speculating in stocks with view of profitting by fluctuations in price.

Page 30.

26. FLEURS DE LIS] The lily flowers which

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

form the arms of the Bourbons and of France. The French crown also is ornamented by *fleurs de lis.*

TRIPLE CROWN] The crown of the pope more commonly called the *tiara.* It is so shaped as to symbolise the triple authority of the pope.

30. CORNUCOPIA] A horn of the goat that sucked Jupiter. It is an emblem of plenty.

Page 31.

14. EXCHANGE-ALLEY] Or change-alley. A famous alley between Cornhill and Lombard Street in London. During the eighteenth century it was the centre for the monetary transactions of England and Europe.

Page 34.

2. THE REVOLUTION] Of 1688 which overthrew James II and brought William III and Mary to the English throne. It was a bloodless revolution.

4. JACOBITES] Adherents of the Stuart cause after the abdication of James II.

The Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff

Page 35.

7. ALMANAC] Here means a record of predictions for the year under consideration. Ordinarily it means an annual calendar of months and days.

Page 36.

26. MUSCOVY] Another name for Russia.

28. WERE OPENED ETC.] To be censored.

29. INQUISITION] A tribunal set up by Roman Catholics for the trial and punishment of heretics. Its wrong and orthodox justice led to horrible atrocities.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 37.

28. ILLUSTRISSIMO ETC.] To the most learned Mr. Bickerstaff, reviver of astrology.

Page 38.

1. ITA ETC.] So most recently Mr. Bickerstaff, that great English star.

4. BICKERSTAFFIUS ETC.] Mr. Bickerstaff that noble Englishman, by far the finest astrologer of his age.

12. PACE TANTI ETC.] By favour of so great a man I might have spoken.

15. VEL FORSAN ETC.] Or perhaps a mistake of the printer, but otherwise Mr. Bickerstaff a most learned man.

Page 40.

18. THE POOR WOMAN] Mrs. Patridge.

Page 43.

2. THE REVOLUTION] See p. 34, l. 2.

22. GRUB-STREET] A street in London where booksellers' hacks and poor writers lived. The term is applied in contempt to any mean literary production.

An Essay on Conversation

Page 49

2. WILL'S COFFE-HOUSE] A favourite resort of wits and literary men of the time.

13. INNS OF COURT] They are four voluntary societies, viz. Lincoln's inn, Inner Temple, Middle Temple, and Gray's inn. They have right of calling

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

men to bar, and provide for lectures and hold law examinations.

19. BELLE LETTERS] Studies purely literary.

Page 54.

30. BEDLAM] Hospital of St. Mary of Bethleham used as a lunatic asylum ; now used to denote any mad-house.

Page 56.

11. PLATONIC] Idealistic. According to the philosophy of Plato (127-347 B.C.), a Greek philosopher.

The Club

Page 60.

11. 'THAT FAMOUS COUNTRY-DANCE] A dance still in use, more specially at the end of a ball ; so called from being more common in country places than in towns. The dance is said to have been named after Roger Calverly, who lived in the reign of Richard I.

25. SOHO-SQUARE] At the time a very fashionable part of London.

Page 61.

1. LORD ROCHESTER] Was a courtier and poet, and was notorious as a leader of fashionable disssipation.

SIR GEORGE ETHERAGE] A writer of comedies and a companion of Rochester in debauchery.

3. BULLY DAWSON] A notorious sharper and debauchee.

26. A JUSTICE OF THE QUORUM] One of the country magistrates.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

27. A QUARTER SESSION] The quarterly meeting of the justices for the trial of offenders against the peace. The word is now always used in the plural—'sessions'.

30. GAME ACT] Enactments regulating the grant of licence to kill game. The first Game Act was passed in 1496.

33. INNER TEMPLE] One of the Inns of Court. See p. 49, l. 13.

Page 62.

8. ARISTOTLE AND LONGINUS] Aristotle was a famous Greek philosopher, and Longinus was a critic of the third century. Aristotle's *Poetics* and *On the Sublime* by Longinus form the basis of classical criticism.

9. LITTLETON] Sir Thomas Littleton, K.B. was a famous jurist of the fourteenth century.

COKE] A famous seventeenth century jurist and Chief Justice. He wrote a commentary upon Littleton's work on Tenures.

14. IN THE LUMP] In return for a lump sum.

18. DEMOSTHENES] An Athenian orator of the fourth century B.C.

19. TULLY] Marcus Tullius Cicero, the famous Roman orator of the last century B.C.

Page 63.

5. THE ROSE] A tavern in Convent Garden visited mainly by actors.

18. BRITISH COMMON] A 'common' is a part of meadow land shared in common for grazing cattle and rural sports by all the villagers. Here the sea is said to belong in common to the British nation, just as the common belongs to the entire village community.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 65.

28. HUMOURISTS] Capricious men; eccentric. persons. The word is used here in the same sense as Ben Jonson uses it.

GALLANTRIES] Refers to the fashionable, gay and luxurious life of the Court and the city in the Restoration era.

Page 66.

23. DUKE OF MONMOUTH] He was the natural son of Charles II, and because of his personal beauty and winning manners was very popular, especially with the ladies of the Court. For pretending to the crown he was executed in 1685.

25. TAKEN WITH HIM] Fell in love with him.

28. BLOW OF A FAN] Compare the essay on 'Fans'.

Page 67.

16. CHAMBER-COUNSELLOR] A lawyer who does not conduct cases in the courts, but can be consulted at his chambers.

A Stage-Coach Journey

Page 68.

11. MRS. BETTY ARABLE] Mrs. was the abbreviation of mistress, and was used before the names of maids as well as of married women. Betty Arable being unmarried should be called 'Miss' according to the present usage.

16. QUAKER] A member of the Society of Friends founded by George Fox (1624-1691), and devoted to peace principles, plainness of dress, simplicity of speech, and peculiar priestless meetings.

30. HALF-PIKE] A kind of short lance.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 70.

3. THE BRIDEMAN] Now called the best man.
30. FLEER] Jeer.

Page 71.

7. EPHRIAM] Ephriam was a name given to all Quakers because they refused to fight. 5 Psalms lxxviii, 9.
13. SMOKY] Shrewd.
27. TAKING PLACE] The roads were so narrow that only one vehicle could pass at a time, so that the displaced vehicle had to wait till the road was clear again. Coaches going to London were allowed precedence to pass.

On the Death of Friends

Page 73.

20. MANES] Spirits or souls of the departed.

Page 75.

3. RUN OVER] Recollect ; recall to memory.

Page 76.

2. WEAKNESS OF MY HEART] My strongest emotion ; a sentiment which easily overcomes me.
14. UNMANLY] Not fit for a man ; womanly.
24. PASSAGES] Events or happenings.

Good Temper

Page 79.

11. PORRINGER] A small basin from which soup is eaten.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

CAWDLE] A warm drink consisting of gruel, mixed with wine or ale, sweetened and spiced, given chiefly to sick people. Here the author means that such a beverage should be given to people to shake off their melancholy.

12. POSSET-DRINK] A drink composed of hot milk, curdled by some strong infusion.

Page 80.

23. COLLINS] A fictitious name.

Page 81.

17. URANIUS] Another fictitious name to represent a man of peaceful nature.

Of Flattery

Page 86.

28. GERMANICUS] Cæsar Germanicus (15 B.C. —19A.D.) the son of Nero commanded the army of the Rhine with great success, and on the death of Angustus declined to be his successor. He died near Ephesus.

31. TACITUS] Caius Cornelius Facitus was consul in Rome. He was one of the ablest of Roman historians.

Page 87.

15. MALVALIO] A comic character in Shakespeare's *The Twelfth Night*.

Page 88.

23. ARISTAENETUS] A Greek writer of letters who flourished in the 5th or 6th century A.D. Under

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

his name two books of love stories, in the form of letters, are extent.

Page 89.

8. PYGMALION] A sculptor who carved a beautiful statue in ivory of a woman and appealed to Venus to breathe life into it. He married the animate statue who bore him Paphos.

9. OVID] The famous Latin poet (43 B.C.—18 A.D.) whose *Metamorphoses* and *Art of Love* are among the best known examples of Roman literature of the lighter kind. He died in banishment.

26. PHAEDRA] A daughter of Minos and Pasiphæ, married Theseus. She fell in love with Hippolytus, the son of Theseus by amazon Hippolyte. Hippolytus rejected her shameful request and was punished with death by Theseus, when Phædra accused him of attempts on her virtue. Phædra confessed her crime and hung herself in despair.

NARCISSUS] A beautiful youth, son of the river-god Cephisus. Echo fell in love with him, but he did not return her passion. Venus caused him to become enamoured of his own reflection in the water of a fountain. He killed himself in despair.

PASIPHAE] A daughter of the Sun and of Perseis who married Minos, King of Crete. She disgraced herself by her unnatural passion for a bull given by Neptune to Minos to be offered on his alter. Some writers suppose that the infidelity of Pasiphæ to her husband was betrayed in her love for an officer called Jaurus.

Mr. Spectator

Page 93.

29. BLACK] Dark.

Page 94.

21. DEPENDING] Pending.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

22. A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE] A title given to persons of position and character who are appointed to keep the peace of the neighbourhood in which they dwell.

Page 95.

3. *Nonage*] Minority.

7. WOULD WEAR WELL,] Would be lasting.

11. PUBLIC EXERCISES] The scholastic disputations held in college or in public schools as a qualification for a degree.

18. LEARNED TONGUES] Greek and Latin.

Page 96.

10. WILL'S] See p. 49, l. 2. It was the favourite resort of Dryden. Child's, St. James's, the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree and Jonathan's were some of the other coffee-houses of the time.

15. POSTMAN] A newspaper edited by a Frenchman, M. Forvive.

Page 96.

22. THEATRES OF...HAYMARKET] The Drury-lane theatre was built in 1674 and burnt down in 1809. The Haymarket theatre was built in 1705, in a street of the same name, between Pall Mall and Picadilly.

24. EXCHANGE] Was built by Sir Thomas Gresham and opened by Queen Elizabeth in 1571. It was burnt down by the Great Fire of 1666, and has since been twice re-built.

Page 99.

6. MR. BUCKLEY'S] He was the printer of the 'Spectator'.

7. LITTLE BRITAIN] So called from the mansion of John Duke of Bretague in the time of Edward II.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

In Addison's days it was the regular bookseller quarter.

Witches

14. NEUTER] Neutral.
ENGAGING] Giving or pledging.

Page 100.

30. OTWAY] Thomas Otway a well-known playwright of the Restoration period. He wrote some excellent tragedies. The lines are taken from 'The Orphan' II, i.

Page 101.

28. PALMED UPON HER] Falsely attributed to her.

Page 102.

15. TABBY CAT] A streaked cat ; also used to denote a female cat as opposed to a tom-cat.

Gipsies

Page 104.

6. EXERT JUSTICE OF PEACE] Exercise the authority of a Justice of the Peace.

Page 105.

9. JADES] A contemptuous term for women.
17. CASSANDRA] Daughter of Priam, King of Troy. She was inspired by Apollo and was a prophetess.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Sir Roger at Church

Page 109.

12. HABITS] Clothes.

21. TO GIVE THEM A FIGURE] To make them prominent.

Page 112.

18. TITHE-STEALERS] The tithes were then paid in kind, and it was easy to cheat the parson out of some portion of it by giving him less than his proper share.

A Beau's Head

Page 113.

6. BEAU] A fop; a dandy.

10. HELLEBORE] A plant used by the ancients as a specific for madness.

Page 114.

11. AS HOMER TELLS US] See *Iliad* v. 340.

15. PINEAL GLAND] A gland in the brain, so called because it resembles a pine-cone.

20. FACES] Facets.

23. SINCIPUT] Fore part of the head where the organs of intelligence are supposed to be situated.

31. BILLETS-DOUX] Sweet-letters, or love-letters.

32. PRICKED DANCES] Dances pricked down on a card in token of engagements with ladies for those dances.

Page 115.

1. POWDER] Snuff.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

3. RIGHT SPANISH] Imported from the Spanish possessions in America.

28. GALIMATIAS] Nonsense, gibberish. Any confused mixture of unlike things.

30. THE EKINS OF THE, ETC.] Suggesting impudence, effrontery of the owner.

Page 116.

5. OS CRIBRIFORME] The sieve-shaped bone of the nose.

17. COCKING HIS NOSE] Turning up his nose; sneering.

PLAYING THE RHINOCEROUS] Raising the nose like rhinocerous; sneering.

19. MUSCULI AMATORII] The muscle enabling the eye to wink.

22. ELEVATOR] The muscle by which the upper eyelid is raised.

Page 117.

10. PARING-SHOVEL] Spade meant for paring turf.

19. PREPARED] Mixed with preservatives in order to be kept as a specimen.

25. MERCURIAL SUBSTANCE] Probably such things were injected with mercury to prevent them from decomposition.

Fans

Page 119.

4. MODISH MACHINE] Fashionable article.

18. CLOSE FAN] closed fan.

Page 121.

13. DOG-DAYS] Hottest part of the year in July and August.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 122.

16. GALLANTING A FAN] Paying court to a lady carrying a fan.

On Cheerfulness

Page 123.

20. THE SACRED PERSON] Christ.

Page 124.

2. THE GREAT AUTHOR OF OUR BEING] God.

Page 126.

8. ATHEIST] One who disbelieves in the existence of God.

The Vision of Mirzah

Page 129.

3. OF THE MOON] Of the lunar month.
7. BAGDAT] Bagdad in Persia.

Page 130.

14. FAMILIARISED HIM TO MY IMAGINATION] Made him seem known to me.

Page 131.

11. ARCHES] One arch denoting one year of human life.

Page 132.

21. BUBBLES] The short-lived joys of life.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 133.

7. HARPIES] Birds with the heads of maidens and long claws, sent by the gods for tormenting the blind Phineus, and carrying off or defiling every meal set before him.

8. CORMORANTS] Sea-crows.

A City Night-Piece

Page 139.

19. SUBLUNARY POSSESSION] Earthly belongings.

33. UNDISTINGUISHED] Unhonoured.

Page 140.

3. DAILY MASK] The look hiding man's real feelings during the business hours of the day.

Page 141.

2. SUBORDINATE] Petty.

National Prejudice

14. UPON MY ARRIVAL] My arrival in London. The piece has been taken from the book entitled 'Letters from a Chinese philosopher residing in London to his friends in the East'.

Page 142.

15. TRACES HIS ANCESTORY] In China the earliest emperors are believed to have been the sun, the moon, and the stars.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Beau Tibbs

Page 146.

28. TO THE WATER] To rowing upon the river.
29. BEING A LITTLE IN FLESH] Being somewhat plump.

Page 147.

8. THE LAST NIGHT OF THE GARDENS] The last night when the gardens were to be opened for the public during that season.
10. GENTRY FROM . . . . STREET] Undesirable citizens.
27. ARABIAN LAW-GIVER] Mohammed.
28. 'HEAD OF THE CONFUCIUS'] An oath ; confucius (551-579 B.C.) was a Chinese philosopher and religious teacher.

Page 149.

2. SUPPORTABLE] Edible ; worth eating.

The Man in Black

Page 153.

22. THE LAWS] The Poor Laws.
23. PARISH HOUSE] Poor-house provided in every parish and maintained by a tax known as the 'poor-rates'.

The Convalescent

Page 161.

6. LORDS IT] Controls and commands everything.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

18. MARE CLAUSUM] An enclosed sea.

23. TWO TABLES OF THE LAW] The two tables of stone containing God's law and given by Him to Moses on Mount Sinai. See Exodus xxxi, 18.

Page 162.

17. CURIOUS VINTAGE] Rare kind of wine.

21. HIS BOWELS . . . . HIM] He feels sympathy for himself.

Page 163.

6. DISCIPLINE OF HUMANITY] Teaching of love for humanity in the person of himself.

26. DOUCER] Doctor's fee for personal attendance.

Page 164.

33. PRESENCE CHAMBER] Private apartments of a king.

Page 165.

23. LERNEAN] From *Lerne,* a marsh where the Hydra lived. After killing him Hercules drained the marsh and destroyed fevers.

25. PHILOCTETES] One of the Argonauts who had inherited the 'Arrows of Hercules'. An oracle had declared that Troy could not be taken without those arrows. The Greek chiefs sent for Philoctetes and he went to Troy in the last year of the war; when the war was over he was again an ordinary person.

Page 166.

17. TERRA-FIRMA] Firm ground.

19. ARTICULO MORTIS] At the point of death.

31. HYPOCHONDRIAC FLATUS] Distension of the stomach due to melancholy.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 167.

3. TITYUS] A giant whose body covered nine acres of ground.

All Fools' Day

11. MERRY FIRST OF APRIL] All Fool's Day, on which it is the custom in England to send simpletons on absurd errands, and to play various practical jokes.

18. A SPECK OF THE MOTLEY] Motley is the many coloured garb of the clown. As human beings we all have something of the jester and the fool in our nature.

21. FREE OF THE CORPORATION] Admitted to the rights and privileges of the guild of fools.

22. MEETS ME IN THE FOREST] See *As You Like It* II, 7-12.

23. WISEACRE] One who makes pretensions to wisdom.

24. STULTUS SUM] I am a fool.

30. POLITIC] The drink of the statesman.

Page 168.

1. TROLL] Sing in parts or succession.

9. GIVE HIM A BUMPER] Drink his health.

19. EMPEDOCLES] A pupil of Pythagoras who secretly threw himself in the crater of Etna so that people might suppose the gods had carried him off to Olympus.

Page 169.

3. ANCIENT GRAND] An officer of freemasons.

6. HERODOTUS] A Greek historian.

10. SHINAR] The Jewish name for Babylonia.

13. MONUMENT] Erected in London to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

16. ALEXANDER IN TEARS] Alexander the Great is said to have lamented "that there were left no more worlds to conquer."

19. MOPPET] A puppet or doll made of cloth.

20. 'ODSO] An oath. *'od* is a corruption of God.

Page 171.

20. MALVOLIAN] Malvolio is a comic character in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. He was tricked into the belief that Olivia his mistress was in love with him. Complacement smile like that of Malvolio.

21. JOHN GAY] A poet (1688—1732).

Page 172.

8. INVOLVED WISDOM] Allegorical interpretation.

10. BUILT . . . . SAND] See St. Matthew's Gospel vii, 24.

13. THE QUIET SOUL, ETC.] See St. Matthew's Gospel xxv, I.

18. TENDRE] Tender.

FIVE THOUGHTLESS VIRGINS] See St. Matthew's Gospel xxv, I.

Page 173.

8. WHITE BOYS] Favourites.

Dream Children

18. THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD] The ancient ballad of "the Children in the Wood". See *Percy's Reliques*.

23. DOWN TO THE RED BREAST]

"No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Till Robin redbreast proudly.
Did cover them with leaves.

Page 174.

24. THE ABBEY] The Westminster Abbey.

Page 175.

1. PSALTERY] The word is inaccurately used for psalter. The Psalms of David.

31. TWELVE CAESARS] The Emperors of Rome from Augustus to Domitian.

Page 176.

9. NECTARINES] Japanese plums.

18. ORANGERY] A glass-roofed conservatory, artificially heated, in which oranges are grown.

Page 178.

22. ALICE W—N] Alive Winterton, the feigned name under which Lamb alludes to his early love, Ann Simmons.

Page 179.

5. BARTRUM] Ann Simmons married a Mr. Bartrum, a pawn-broker.

8. LETHE] The river of Oblivion.

Getting up on Cold mornings

Page 181.

1. GINLIO CORDARA] An Italian poet and historiographer of the Jesuits (1504—1585), born at Alessandria, in Italy.

2. JESUIT] Member of the famous Roman Catholic order founded by Ignatius Loyola in 1534.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 183.

26. FURIES] Three in number, Tisiphone, Megara, and Alecto ; they carry out vengence of the gods upon countries, people and individuals. They are depicted as winged females of threatening aspects.

Page 185.

8. JULIAN] Was a Roman Emperor (331-363) for the last two years of his life, during which period he was an avowed pagan, though previously he had professed Christianity.

11. CARDINAL BEMB] Born at Venice in 1470, died at Rome in 1547, he was a celebrated Italian cardinal and man of letters.

12. MICHAEL ANGELO] The renowned Italian painter, sculptor and architect (1474—1563).

TITAN] One of the greatest of Italian painters (1477—1576) who lived in Venice.

13. FLETCHER] John Fletcher (1579—1625), the famous collaborator with Beanmont in numerous plays.

SPENSER] Edmund Spenser (1553—1599) was born in London. His most famous work is "Fairy Queen."

CHAUCER] Geofery Chaucer (1340-1400) known as "the Father of English Poetry" achieved immortality by his "Canterbury Tales."

14. ALFRED THE GREAT] The famous king of England (849—901).

PLATO] The renowned Greek philosopher (429—347 B.C.) who taught at Athens.

17. HAROUN AL RASCHID] The famous Caliph of Bagdad (186—809). He was a wise and popular ruler.

18. WORTLEY MONTAGUE] The son of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montague. He was

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

born in 1713, and died in Italy in 1776. He is the reputed author of "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of Ancient Republics" (1759).

Page 186.

3. THOMSON] James Thomson (1700—1748), a distinguished English poet.

Page 187.

1. HOLBORN] A borough of London.

Walks Home by Night

Page 191.

5. BEADLE] A person whose duty it is to bid persons to appear to a summons ; a Church servant who bids parishioners to attend the vestry.

Page 193.

5. CHURCHWARDEN] An officer who represents the interests of a parish or church.

Page 195.

25. RABELAIS] Francois Rabelais (1483-1553), the great French satirist ; first a monk, he studied medicine and settled at Lyons as a doctor.

A Few Thoughts on Sleep

Page 196.

5. SANCHO] Sancho Panza, the square of Don Qixote was a governor. He is described as a short, pot-bellied rustic, full of common sense, but without a grain of "spirituality". He rode an ass and was

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

famous for his prowess. See chap. lxviii—*Don Quixote.*

Page 198.

10. BILIARY DUCT] A tube conveying fluids secreted by the liver into the animal bodies.

Page 200.

27. PANTOMIME] Dumb show ; but in modern practice it is partly a dumb show and partly grotesque speaking.

Page 201.

9. GRACES] They were three in number, Euphrosyne, Aglaia and Thalia, and represented perfection of grace and beauty.

11. MORPHEUS] Son of Somnus, was the God of sleep and dreams. He is generally represented holding poppies in his hand.

ICELOS] One of the sons of Somnus who changed himself into all sorts of animals.

12. PHANTASUS] One of the three Longi children of sleep, metamorphosed themselves into almost everything inanimate.

PHOBETER] One of the sons of Somnus, and his principal minister. His office was to assume the shape of serpants and wild beasts, to inspire terror in the minds of men.

21. ARCHIMAGO] In Spenser's 'Fairy Queen' (II, i) he assumes the guise of the Red Cross Knight and deceives Una. His hypocrisy is exposed and he is cast into a vile dungeon.

Page 202.

15. TARTARY] Or Tatary, the region of central Asia, now divided into the Eastern and Western Turkistan.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

16. CEYX] A king of Trachinia, son of Lucifer and husband of Alcyone. They were both changed into birds called Alcyons.

ALCYONE] Or Halcyone, the daughter of Aeolus, married Ceyx, and was drowned as he was going to consult the oracle.

18. JUNO] Greek name Hera. She was the wife of Jupiter and queen of heaven. She was an exacting and jealous wife, and aided the Greeks in the Trojan war.

Page 203.

2. ECLYMPASTERIE] A name given by Chaucer in 'The Book of Duchess' to the heir of Morpheus the God of sleep.

11. PHILOCTETIS] One of the most famous Greek tragedies by Sophocles. It tells of the most famous archer in the Trojan war to whom Hercules, at death, gave his arrows.

SOPHOCLES] The famous Athenian dramatist (495-406 B.C.), who enjoyed the greatest popularity at Athens.

On our Judgments of others

Page 207.

14. THOMAS A KEMPIS] A monk of the St. Augustine order. His celebrated book *The Imitation of Christ* forms a highly valued devotional course and is translated into almost all languages.

15. *DE* PRUDENTIA, ETC.] Concerning prudence in transaction.

17. AD HANE . . . . EFFUNDERE] A part of this (prudence) is not to believe anything and everything that men say; and not to be in a hurry to pour into the ears of others what you hear or what you even believe.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 209.

13. RELIGION OF NATURE] 'The Religion of Nature Delineated', a work by William Hyde Wollaston (1766—1828), a celebrated English scientist and President of the Royal Society in 1820.

19. WHICH LAY . . . . FASTER] Which lay their eggs rapidly; and smaller the insects are, the faster do they lay their eggs.

Domestic Rule

Page 214.

10. TACITUS] Was a Roman historian who wrote the life of Agricola, his father-in-law.

AGRICOLA] A Roman governor of Britain in the reign of Domitian.

Page 217.

3. COURTS OF REASON] As distinguished from the courts of law. Miscarriage of justice is possible in the latter, but when Reason sits in judgment the verdict is always just.

Page 220.

21. TIME IS TOLD . . . . PROGRESS] As the progress of time is indicated by the pendulum of a clock which is continually moving backwards and forwards, so the progress of human life is marked by continual advancement and retrogression—action and reaction. Man's habits and thoughts are continually changing, backwards and forwards, as time goes on.

A Plea for Gas Lamps

Page 224.

12. BURGESS-WARREN] The city where people swarmed as thick as rabbits in a warren. A warren

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

is a piece of ground overrun with rabbits and full of their furrows.

18. AMONG THE CHIMNEY-POTS] Among the chimneys on the roofs of their houses.

28. VAGABOND PHAROS] Wandering light house. Pharos was a famous light house on the island of Pharos in the bay of Alexandria.

Page 225.

11. ROGUISHLY . . . . URCHIN] In order to put out the light.

15. OCCULT] Hidden.

Page 226.

10. 'THE WORK OF PROMETHEUS] The work of providing light for mankind. According to the Greek myth Prometheus stole fire from heaven for mankind, and was punished for this act by the gods.

Page 227.

14. KNOCKING . . . . . DUSK] Disposing the darkness in another and yet another place.

22. APOTHEOSIS] A Greek word meaning 'placing among the gods'. The Greeks believed that in many cases when a hero's task was done, he was placed among the gods, and his name was given to one of the stars. The meaning here is that his glorious task will soon be over.

30. ALEXANDERA] A palace in the north of London named after the consort of the lake King Edward.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE] A structure of iron and glass in the south of London.

31. FIAT LUX] Let there be light. A Biblical expression in Greek.

33. HAMPSTEAD HILL] A high hill to the North-West of London from which a fine view of the metropolis can be obtained.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 228.

12. THIRLMERE] One of the beautiful lakes of Cumberland supplying water to Manchester.

24. RUE DRONOT] A street in Paris.

FIGARO] A famous Paris newspaper.

Page 229.

3. THE WILDFIRE OF THE STORM] Lightning.

4. LEVIN BRAND] Lightning.

9. TERROR THAT FLIETH] Here the expression means lightning, electricity. See Psalm 91, V. 5.

El Dorado

EL DORADO means 'The Golden City'. In the essay it means the object of our aspirations, the ideal we strive for.

Page 231.

21. TEN NOTE-BOOKS] The life of Frederick the Great, a celebrated Prussian Emperor, has been written in ten volumes. Stevenson humorously called the volumes note books.

27. GIBBON] The famous English historian whose monumental work is *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Page 232.

27. OF . . . . END] See the Book of Ecclesiastes in the Old Testament.

Page 233.

22. CHIMAERAS] Vain hopes.

Tight Corners

TIGHT CORNERS] Embarrassing positions from which it is difficult to escape.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Page 237.

2. BRITTANY] Is a province in the North-West of France. On the boarders of Brittany and Normandy is the island of Mont St. Michel where on the level sand the inflowing tide comes suddenly at a high speed endangering the lives of persons who may be caught in it. Many lives are lost there.

11. CHRISTIE'S] Christie Manson and Woods are the most famous auctioneers in London. Priceless collections of rare books, paintings, china, furniture, etc. pass through their hands.

17. BARBIZON PICTURES] Barbizon is a village in France. It became the resort of some famous landscape painters like Millet, Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, etc. and thus gave rise to a school. The pictures of the school are highly prized and when they happen to exchange hands fetch fabulous prices.

28. BLOATOCRAT] A short word coined from 'bloated plutocrat' just as *Montford* for 'Montague and Chelmsford'. The doabs in the Punjab are also named like this. Such words formed by two words together are called 'portmanteau' words.

Page 238.

4. DEALER] One who buys to resell at a higher price.

11. CRESCENDO] A series of bids getting higher and higher. It is a musical term meaning getting louder and louder. Here it is used figuratively for rising bids.

Page 239.

3. PICKLE] A fix; a difficult situation; a dilemma.

13. NONCHALANTLY] Without any visible emotion.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

21. NOTE OF HAND ONLY] Only a signed hand-note or receipt being the security.

Page 240.

11. TO DREE THE . . . . WEIRD] To suffer or endure what falls to one's lot. It is a Scotch proverb. *Dree* comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning *to suffer*, and *weird* means *fate*.

23. TAKE FIFTY . . . . BID] Accept the amount of fifty guineas and give the picture to the original bidder.

26. COCKNEY] The accent and dialect of the typical Londoner.

The Dealer

THE DEALER] One who deals in second-hand articles.

Page 242.

11. FRED BARNARD] A humerous English artist (1846—1896).

Page 243.

26. WATERBURYS] Watch manufacturers.

33. ARTICLES OF VERTU] Rare or old articles of fine workmanship.

Page 244.

27. LAISSEZ FAIRE] The policy of letting things alone to take their own course without any interference.

Page 246.

9. COUP] A stroke of good fortune ; a successful hit.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

13. TURNER] A celebrated English landscape painter (1775—1851), the excellence of whose art was brought to the public notice by Ruskin.

Page 247.

2. ANDERSON] Hans Christian Anderson (1805—1875), perhaps the most gifted writer of fairy tales. He was born and died in Denmark.

8. DRESDEN] An important city of Germany famous for its fine art collections.

11. MRS. POYSER] A well-known character of George Eliot.

Page 248.

15. TITAN'S SACRED . . . . LOVE] One of the most beautiful paintings of Titan, a Venetian painter (1486—1576).

19. GEORGE MORLAND] A popular English painter (1763—1804).

20. LEONARDO DA VINCI] One of the best Italian painters and sculptors (1452—1579).

Page 250.

13. PAX VOBISCUM] Peace be with you.

Page 251.

26. DECALOGUE] The Ten Commandments, which, as related in Exodus, were given by God to Moses on Mount Sinai, and contained on two stone tablets.

The Pleasures of Ignorance

Page 254.

8. CHAPMAN] George Chapman (1559—1634), an Elizabethan dramatist and translator of Homer in

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

English. Keats's sonnet on reading Chapman's Homer is a splendid tribute.

Page 255.

30. ULYSSES] Ulysses was one of the Greek leaders of the Trojan war.

SIRENS] Sea-nymphs who sat on the shore of an island between Circe's isle and Scylla near the south-western coast of Italy, and sang with bewitching sweetness songs that allured passing sailor to draw near, only to meet death.

32. SIR THOMAS BROWNE] A London physician and antiquary (1605—1682).

Page 256.

33. MONTAIGNE] M. de Montaigne (1533—1592), a French essayist of world-wide celebrity, whose essays are supposed to be perfect in their beauty and felicity of expression.

Page 259.

18. JOWETT] Professor Benjamin Jowett (1817—1893), an eminent scholar and theological writer of advanced views. He was Master of Balliol from 1870 to the time of his death.

24. SOCRATES] The distinguished Greek philosopher (469—399 B.C.). His teachings involved him into trouble and he was accused of corrupting the Athenian youth. He was sentenced to death and drank poison very calmly.

The Watchers

Page 260.

20. WIMBLEDON] A south-west suburb of London with a famous common. It is here that the

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

tennis matches for the world championship of amateurs take place and the Davis Cup is awarded to the champion of the year.

Page 261.

11. JOHNSTONE OR NORTON] Names of famous tennis players.

Page 262.

15. HOMO SUM] The dramatist referred to and quoted is Terence, the famous Roman poet and dramatist. *Homo sum* means 'I am a man' and the quotation when completed means: 'I count nothing human indifferent to me.' The words are uttered by a Paul Pry in *Heauton-timoroumenos*, a comedy.

17. LEVITE] A descendant of Levi; an inferior priest of the ancient Jewish Church.

Page 264.

13. JACK DEMPSTER] A great boxer.

19. DEMOSTHENES] The famous Grecian orator, statesman and warrior (385—322 B.C.). His orations are regarded the finest examples of their kind.

20. AESCHINES] Contemporary and rival in oratory of Demosthenes.

Page 266.

24. MUMTAZ MAHAL] A race-horse owned by the Agha Khan.

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi

CC0.In Public Domain. Digitized by Sarayu Trust/eGangotri

Ganesh Varni Digambar Jain Institute, Naria, Varanasi